



Featuring **THE CADET** ★

September-October

TARGET

COMICS

10¢



VOL.4 NO.6



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

YE EDITORS' PAGE

Dear Readers:

The letters below should certainly show to you all, as they do to us, that TARGET Readers are really getting behind "the man behind the gun." These few letters are typical of the hundreds that we have received, all telling us what you are doing for your Country in a great big way. Thousands and thousands of men in uniform read TARGET every month, and we know that they would like us to say thanks to you for the way in which you are helping them win the war for Uncle Sam.

Cordially yours,

THE EDITORS.

Dear Editors:

Your June issue of TARGET COMICS was surely a good one. I liked Dan'l Flannel best of all. I read the editor's page everytime.

At my school we are doing our part to win this war. This week my room bought \$10.25 worth of defense stamps.

Yours truly,
Betty Jim Brown,
Columbus, Georgia.

Congratulations to your class, and keep those War Stamps rolling in, Betty.

* * * *

Dear Editors:

I am a faithful reader of the TARGET COMICS, especially the Targeteers. I don't know what I should do if I didn't have it when I'm all-in.

I buy all the War Savings Stamps I can and do all odd jobs I can get in the neighborhood. I have three brothers in the army, and one I haven't seen in over a year. Surely, if they give—well, maybe their life—for this country, we back home ought to do all we can to help. I help in every way I can. I haven't got a bond yet, but I'm trying awfully hard to get one. I'm sure my brothers will be tickled when I do get one. I'm awfully choosy about the comic books I get, because I want all the money I have to go for War Savings Stamps, and that's why I picked TARGET.

I want to thank you and your artists for presenting us with many hours of

enjoyment, as well as educational reading.

A faithful reader,
Nella Brown,
Hopkinsville, Ky.

We're mighty glad you like TARGET so much, Nella.

* * * *

Dear Editor:

I earn my money by cutting wood. I get 20¢ an hour. I work 10 hours every week that I can. Then I go get \$2.00 worth of 25 cent stamps. I collect all the old iron I can, and then I sell it and get war stamps. I also gather up all the waste paper I can and sell it so I can buy stamps. I even dry dishes for my aunt, for which she gives me two stamps a week. People may think I am a sissy, but I am doing all I can for a Quicker Victory for Uncle Sam.

Yours truly,
Edward Grubbs,
Walnut Cove, N. C.

You're doing a "man's job," Edward, and if anyone ever calls you a sissy for washing dishes, just remind them that almost every man in Uncle Sam's army at one time or another does "K. P."

* * * *

Dear Editors:

Most of the boys in our neighborhood are too young to enter our armed forces, but we are doing many things to help on the home front. For instance, when the call for old paper came, our gang turned in many a pound. When the call for scrap came, we rounded up over 1300 pounds. And now, the men in our Army need books

to read. So, we go out and solicit books from homes and turn them in to the Victory Book Campaign. The quota for books in our city has been reached, for our citizens realize that they should give until it hurts. For many of the jobs us boys have done we received nothing. But when we did get compensation you can rest assured that we bought War Stamps and TARGET COMICS!

Yours truly,
An old fan,
Sanford Schnier,
Miami, Florida.

Boy, you fellows are earning the thanks of Your Big Brothers in the Service 100%.

* * * *

Dear Editors:

This being Sunday—I have just finished reading TARGET COMICS with the other members of the family. Even the adults of my family like to read TARGET COMICS!

I have been very busy these few spring days working on my Victory Garden. But I always have time to read TARGET COMICS.

I earn my money for Defense Stamps by shining shoes, selling papers, and doing other little odds and ends.

I just started to miss "Spacehawk", but I am glad you changed him for Dan'l Flannel. He's swell.

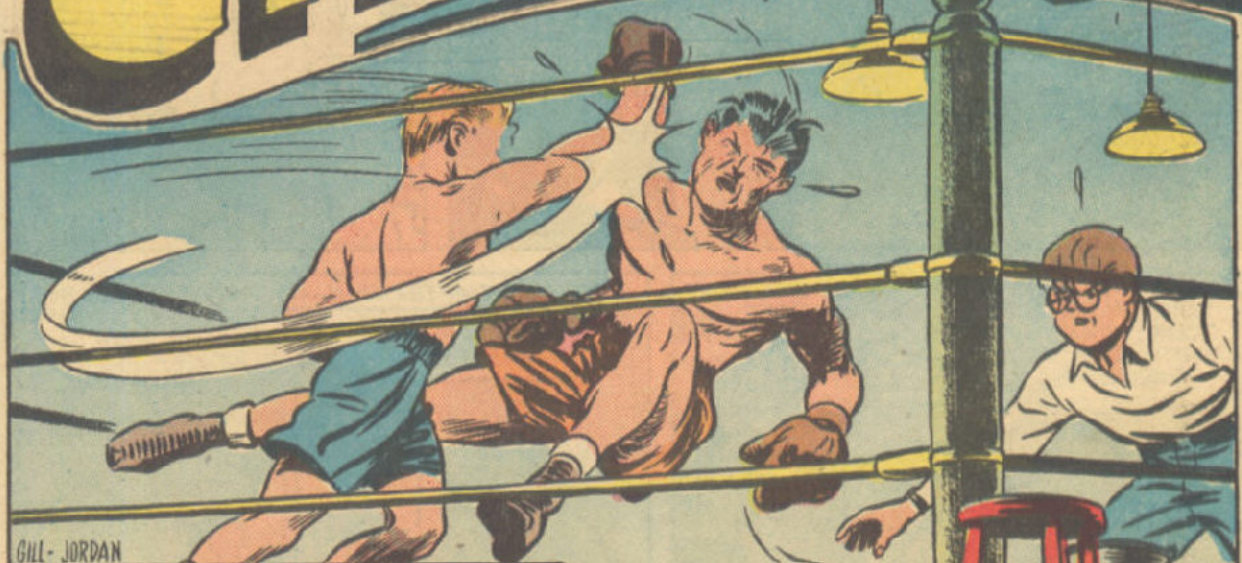
An old and loyal reader,
Herbert Harris
Cincinnati, Ohio.

Lots of luck on those Victory Vegetables, Herbert.

BLUE BOLT scoops the comic magazine field! Don't miss the true, exciting, and thrilling adventures of a U. S. Naval Aviator at the Battles of Pearl Harbor, Wake, and Midway in **I FLY FOR VENGEANCE**. Starts in November **BLUE BOLT COMICS**. On sale September 8 at your favorite newsstand.

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The CADET



GILL-JORDAN

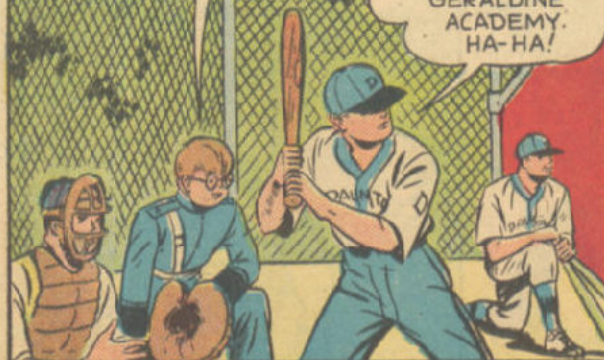
KIT CARTER AND DAN MERRY
PREPARE FOR A FROLIC THAT ENDS
IN A FIGHT... A FIGHT WITH ONE
OF THE STRANGEST ENDINGS---

IT ALL HAPPENS ON
"VISITORS' DAY AT DAUNTON"!

WE FIND KIT AT BAT... AND DAN KIBITZING
FROM THE SIDE LINES.

VISITORS' DAY TOMORROW,
KIT... AND WE'RE BROKE!

YEAH, I KNOW.
WE'LL LOSE
OUT WITH THE
GERALDINE
ACADEMY.
HA-HA!



YOU AIN'T KIDDING!
CHET PHILLIPS SAYS HE'S
GOING TO TAKE CARE
OF PEGGY.

DARN!... I MISSED!
I'LL DO A LITTLE
TAKING CARE OF
MY OWN. IF YOU
DON'T KEEP
QUIET!

STRIKE
ONE!

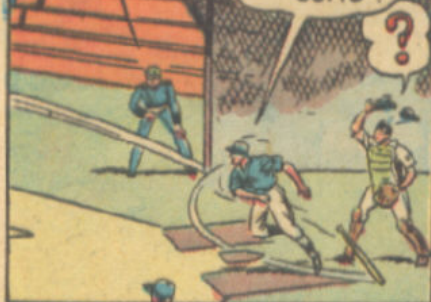


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THE NEXT PITCH...

JUST THE SAME, YOU'D BETTER DO SOMETHING!

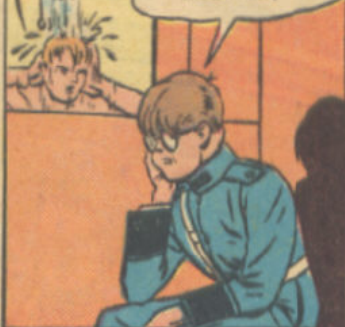
I'D BETTER DO THINGS WITH THIS BALL—HOT DOG! OVER THE FENCE!—SEE YOU IN THE SHOWERS, 'CUPID'!



A FEW MINUTES LATER...

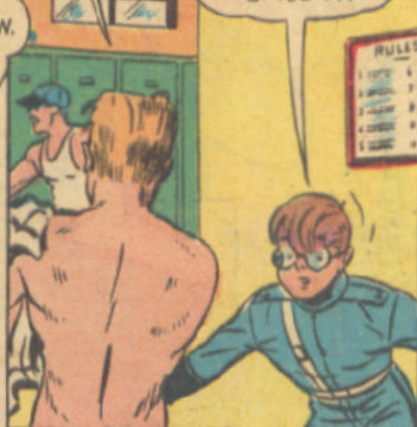
NOW, WHAT WERE YOU SAYING?

AW, SKIP IT! YOU KNOW DARN WELL YOU WANT TO ESCORT PEGGY SLATE TOMORROW. BUT, EVERY TIME I TRY TO HELP, YOU KID ME!



SURE, I'M KIDDING!—AND I KNOW WE'RE BROKE. BUT I'VE GOT A GREAT PLAN, PAL!

NO KIDDING? SPILL IT!



WELL... ALMOST EVERY CADET WILL WANT SOME FAST UNIFORM PRESSING DONE TODAY. WHAT'S WRONG WITH OUR TAKING THE JOB?

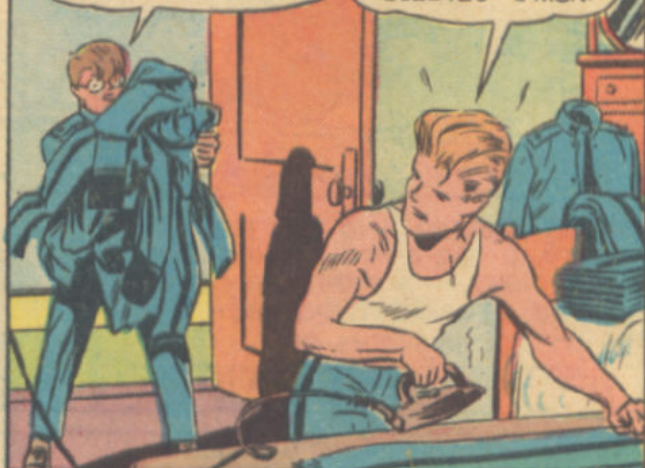
YOU'RE A GENIUS! I'LL START ROUNDING UP THE UNIFORMS RIGHT AWAY.



LATER THAT AFTERNOON...

BUSINESS IS GREAT! LOOK AT THIS PILE!

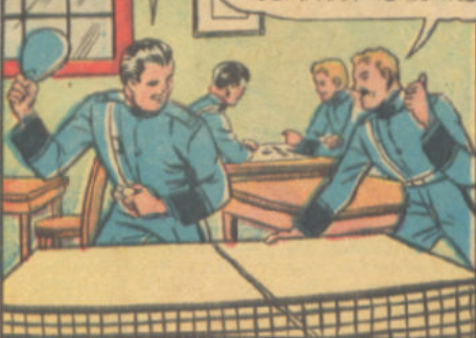
THAT'S SWELL! BUT LOOK—YOU'D BETTER ROLL UP YOUR SLEEVES—C'MON!



MEANWHILE...

HEY, NICK! JUST SAW THAT SQUIRT, MERRY, PASS WITH A BUNDLE OF CLOTHES ARE THEY TAKING IN WASHING UPSTAIRS? HA-HA!

KIT AND DAN ARE RAISING FUNDS TO BATTLE YOU FOR PEGGY'S COMPANY TOMORROW.



SO—CARTER'S GOING TO FIGHT FOR HER, EH? IT WOULD BE LIKE A DAME TO FALL FOR HIM... UNLESS I GET THERE FIRST! I'VE ALREADY TOLD EVERYONE SHE'S COMING TO SEE ME. I'LL LOOK PRETTY FOOLISH IF SHE DOESN'T!



SOME TIME LATER...

ALMOST THROUGH, FRIEND?

WE'D BETTER NOT HAVE ANY ACCIDENTS... THE GUYS WOULD SKIN US ALIVE! KEEP IT UP!

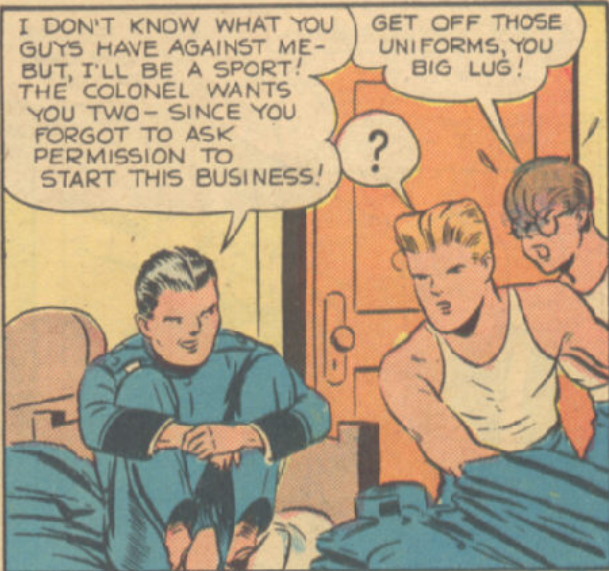




GREETINGS, GIRLS! HEARD YOU WERE IN BUSINESS-CARE TO DO MY UNIFORM, TOO?

SURE! WHY NOT?

YOUR MONEY IS THE SAME COLOR AS ANYBODY ELSE'S. DROP IT THERE AND SCRAM-- WE'RE BUSY!



I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU GUYS HAVE AGAINST ME-- BUT, I'LL BE A SPORT! THE COLONEL WANTS YOU TWO-- SINCE YOU FORGOT TO ASK PERMISSION TO START THIS BUSINESS!

GET OFF THOSE UNIFORMS, YOU BIG LUG!

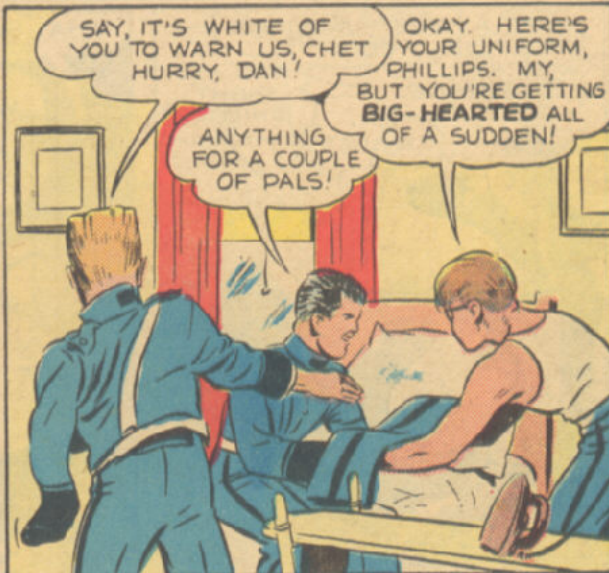
?



EASY, DAN! IS THAT ON THE LEVEL, PHILLIPS?

SURE!-- AND YOU'D BETTER HURRY. I'LL WATCH YOUR SHOP.

!



SAY, IT'S WHITE OF YOU TO WARN US, CHET. HURRY, DAN!

OKAY. HERE'S YOUR UNIFORM, PHILLIPS. MY, BUT YOU'RE GETTING BIG-HEARTED ALL OF A SUDDEN!

ANYTHING FOR A COUPLE OF PALS!



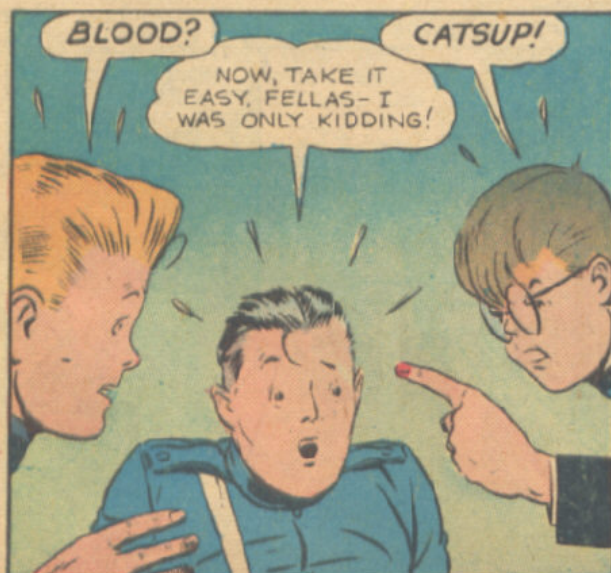
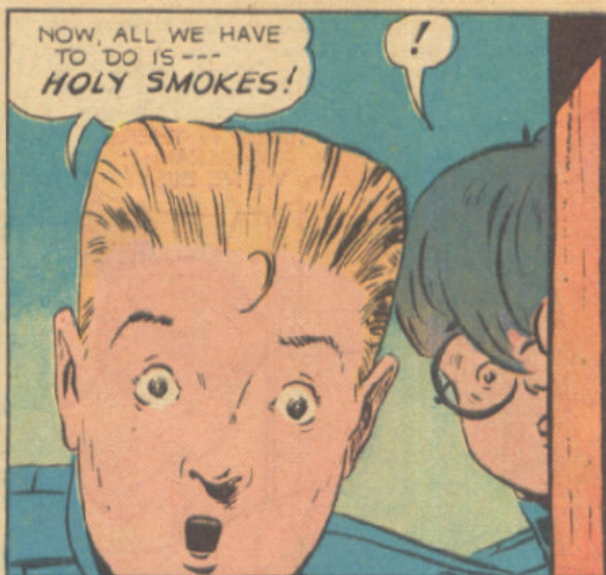
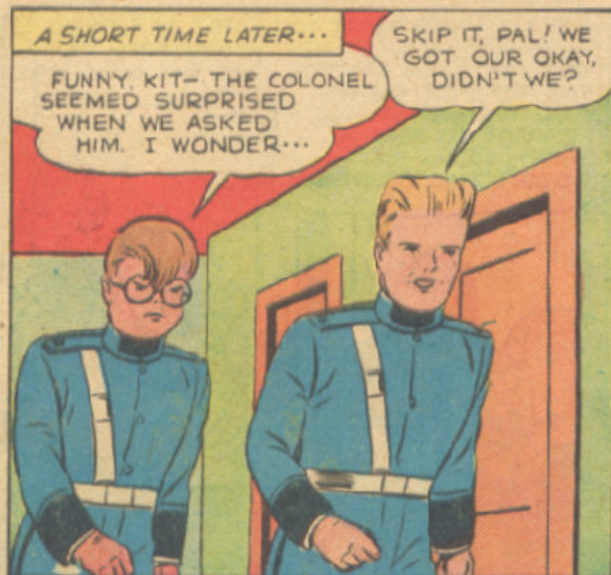
THANKS AGAIN, CHET!

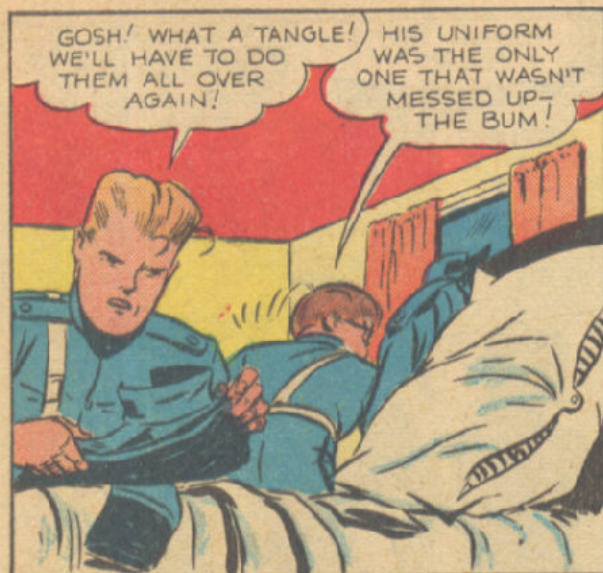
I WOULDN'T PUT IT PAST THAT LUG TO HAVE SNITCHED TO THE COLONEL! HMM!

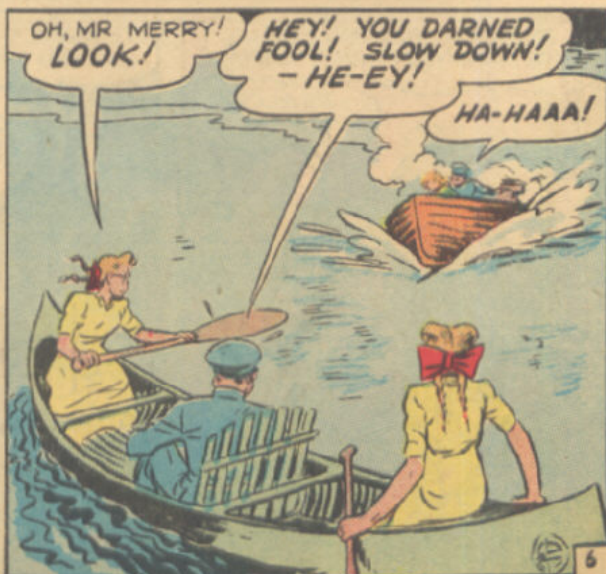
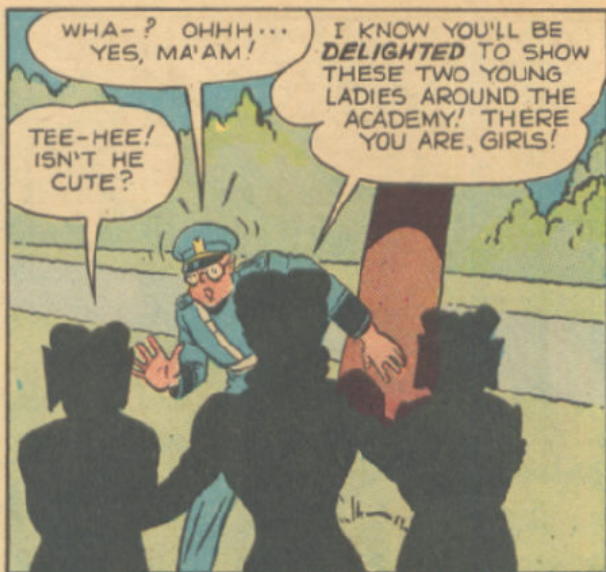


A FEW SECONDS LATER...

HA-HA! THERE THEY GO! NOW FOR THE FUN!









KIT TRIES TO EXPLAIN, BUT COLONEL TILGHMAN STOPS HIM WITH A SMILE.

I'D GIVE YOU THE LICKING OF YOUR LIFE, CARTER, IF THE COLONEL AND THE GIRLS WEREN'T...

I SAW THE WHOLE SHOW! WHY NOT BATTLE IT OUT THIS AFTERNOON IN THE GYMNASIUM? WE'D ALL ENJOY IT!



THE COLONEL'S GOT HIS NUMBER!

OKAY BY ME, SIR!

AND ME! ER... THAT IS, IF MY ARM IS ALL RIGHT BY THEN. - I WRENCHED IT WHEN CARTER TRIPPED ME, SIR!



HE'S LYING! HE FELL IN CLEAN! ... I'LL FIX HIM!

DAN ACTS FAST...

HERE, PAL- THIS WILL MAKE YOU FORGET IT HURTS!

WHAT? HEY! LEGGO- OUCH!

MERRY! STOP!

OW! I'LL STOP HIM!

UHH!

WELL, FOR...



SAY! THERE'S NOTHING WRONG WITH THAT ARM, BIG BOY!

HA-RUMPH!

TEE-HEE!

YOU'RE TELLING ME!

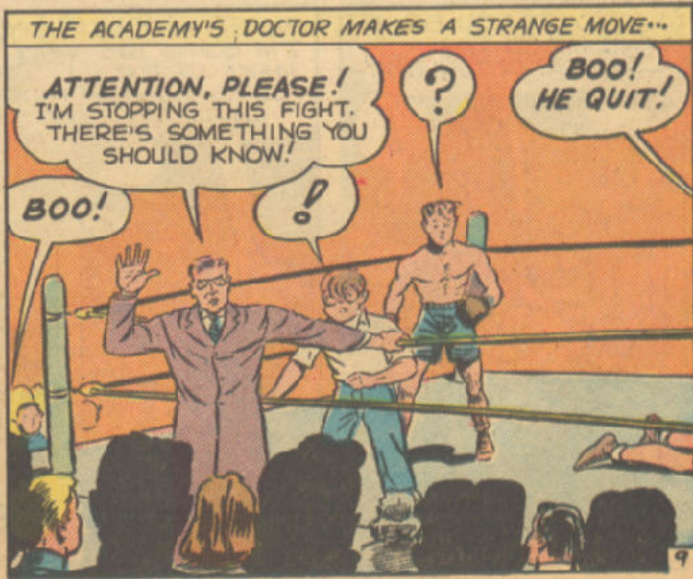
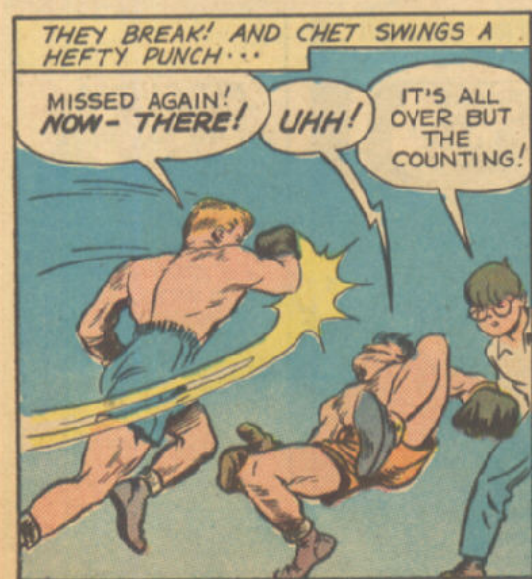
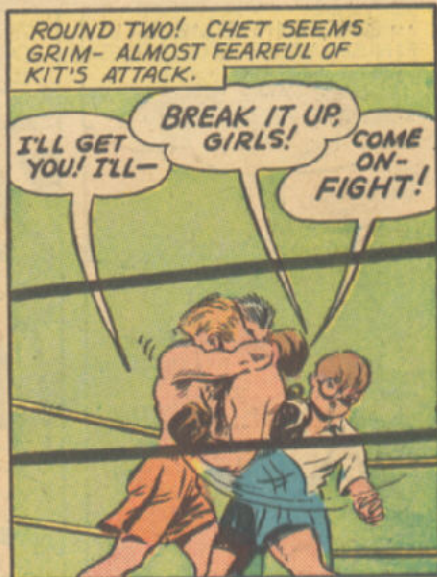
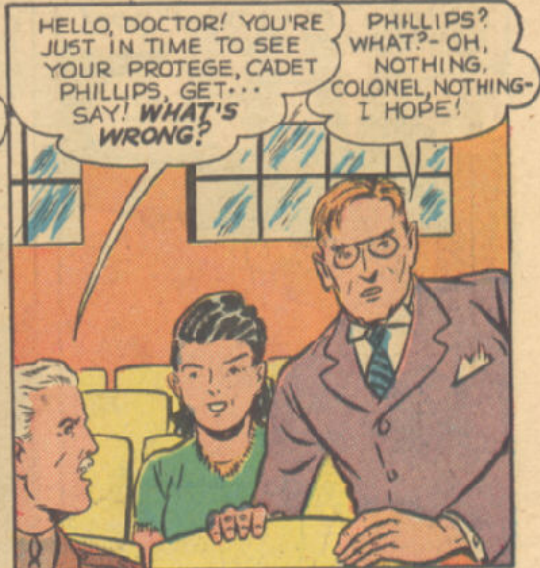
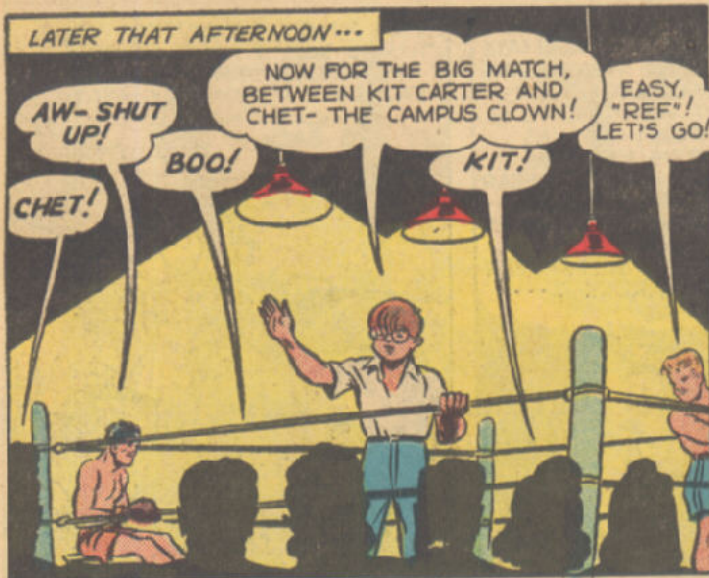


OKAY- SO IT WAS A GAG! CAN'T YOU TAKE A JOKE? WELL- CAN'T YOU?

THAT'S TELLING HIM! HA-HA!

SURE! SURE!- AND IF YOU'RE AS HANDY WITH THE GLOVES AS YOU ARE WITH THE GAGS, I'D BETTER LEAVE TOWN!





I'M OKAY. LET ME DOWN! **DOC!**
PLEASE DON'T TELL!



EASY, CHET-
I'VE GOT TO!

IT'S A LONG STORY-
ABOUT A CLASSMATE
OF MINE WHO BECAME
A FAMOUS BOXER...
BUT WENT BLIND IN
A FIGHT. HE WAS
CHET'S FATHER!
CHET HAS THAT FEAR
OF BEING BLINDED-
A FEAR THAT MAKES
HIM NERVOUS...
MAKES HIM APPEAR
COWARDLY. I...



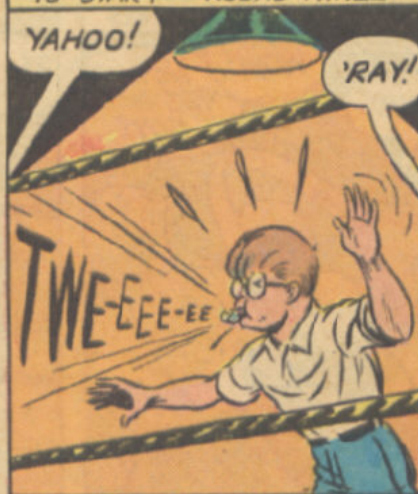
I'LL FINISH IT, DOC! IT'S TRUE.
THAT'S WHY I HAVE SO FEW
FRIENDS. I SEEM TO HAVE MY
FATHER'S PUGNACIOUS ATTITUDE.
WITHOUT THE STUFF
TO BACK IT UP...



... BUT, THIS TIME I'LL
FINISH WHAT I STARTED.
CARTER IS A CLEAN
FIGHTER AND, SOMEHOW,
I'M NOT AFRAID. **LET'S
GO!**



TO BE HEARD OVER THE
CHEERING, DAN BLOWS LOUD,
TO START - ROUND THREE!

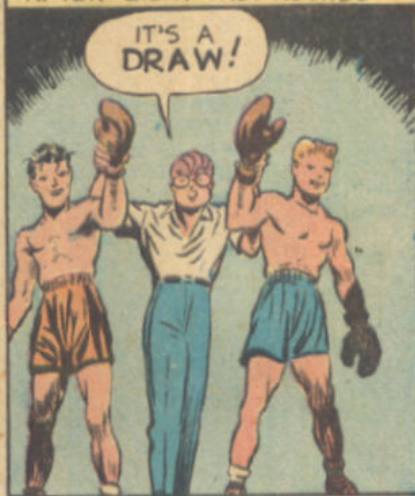


YAHOO!

'RAY!

TWE-EEE-EE

KIT SOON FINDS HE HAS MET
A WORTHY OPPONENT, AND
AFTER EIGHT FAST ROUNDS...



IT'S A
DRAW!

WHY CAN'T YOU BOTH
TAKE ME TO THE
DANCE TONIGHT?

WELL!



SURE! WHY NOT?
I'M GOING TO
MAKE UP FOR
BEING A
CHUMP!

YOU'RE WELL ON
YOUR WAY, KID!

THINK YOU'RE
GOOD WITH TWO
GUYS, PEGGY? LOOK!
I'VE GOT **THREE
GALS!**

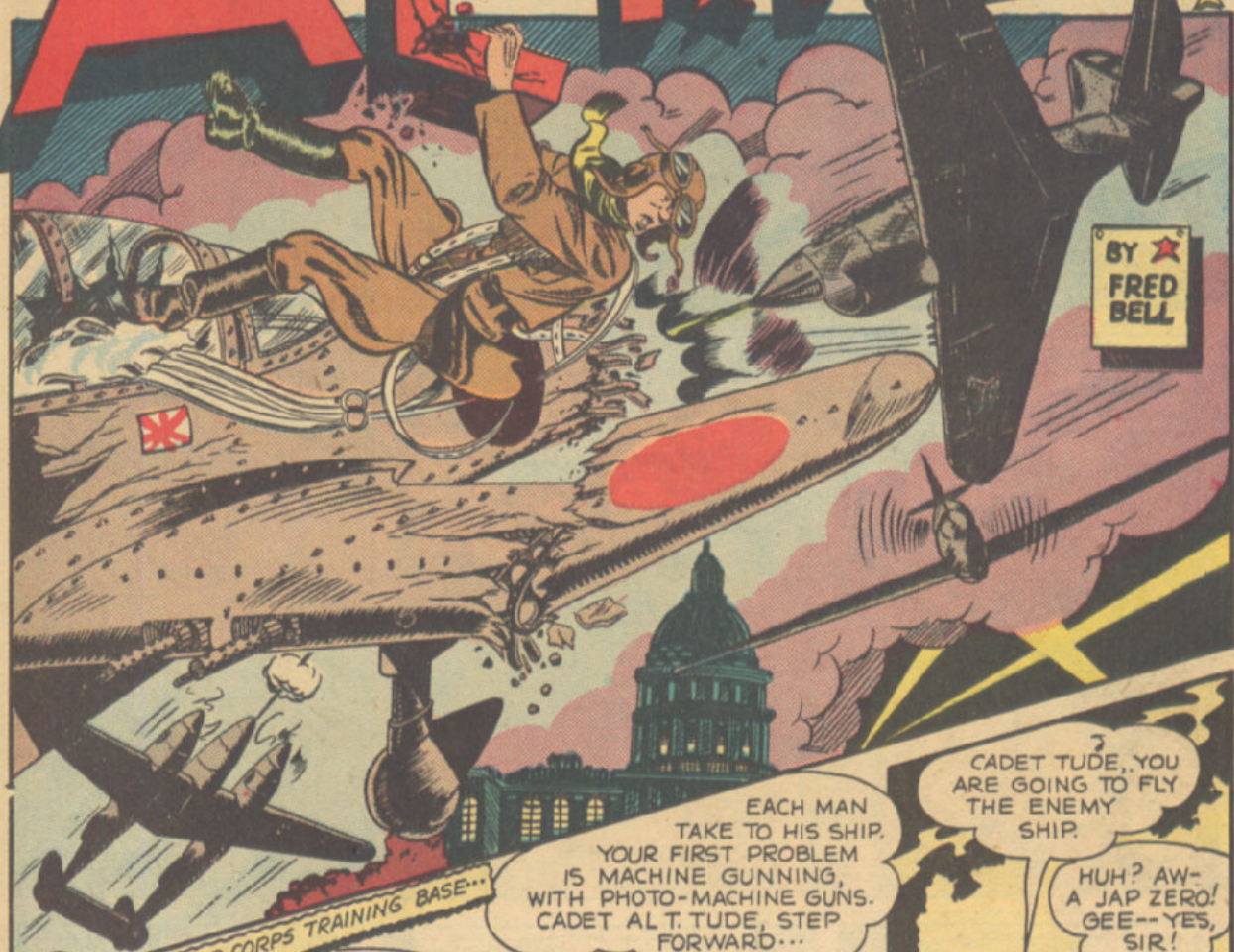


**KIT CARTER,
THE CADET, AND
HIS PAL, DAN MERRY,
KNOW THAT ANY
FELLOW CAN BE
A GOOD GUY IF
HE'S GIVEN HALF
A CHANCE-
EXCEPT HITLER,
HIROHITO, AND
MUSSOLINI!**

**BUT, WE CAN FIX
THEM BY BUYING
WAR BONDS
AND
STAMPS!**



ALTTUDE



YOU LADS HAVE BEEN THROUGH PRIMARY TRAINING. NOW YOU WILL START PRACTICAL COMBAT MANEUVERS. CARTER- TAKE OVER!

YES SIR!

EACH MAN TAKE TO HIS SHIP. YOUR FIRST PROBLEM IS MACHINE GUNNING, WITH PHOTO-MACHINE GUNS. CADET AL T. TUDE, STEP FORWARD...



CADET TUDE, YOU ARE GOING TO FLY THE ENEMY SHIP.

HUH? AW- A JAP ZERO! GEE-- YES, SIR!





AL TAKES OFF
IN THE JAP
ZERO.

I FEEL LIKE A
TRAITOR, BUT ORDERS
ARE ORDERS!



MINUTES LATER...

OH, BOY! HERE
COMES MY FRIENDLY
ENEMY! IT'S A GOOD
THING FOR ME THEY
ARE ONLY SHOOTING
FILM!



THE PLANES DIVE AT AL,
PHOTO GUNS CLICKING.

WOW! I WISH
THEY WOULDN'T
PRACTICE SO
SERIOUSLY!



MEANWHILE, ON THE GROUND...

WHAT'S WORRYING
YOU, COLONEL?

I'M STILL
WAITING
TO HEAR FROM
WASHINGTON ON
THAT MATTER.



NO! I WON'T WAIT ANY
LONGER! I'M FLYING
TO WASHINGTON,
NOW— MYSELF!

YES,
SIR!



A HALF HOUR LATER...

I'M GLAD THAT'S
OVER! GOSH, I
MUST HAVE BEEN
KILLED A DOZEN
TIMES!



AS AL LANDS...

WHERE'S THE COLONEL?
THIS LETTER FROM
WASHINGTON IS
MARKED "URGENT".

HE'S
ON HIS
WAY THERE
NOW. WE MUST
GET IT TO HIM!



CADET TUDE!
UP FRONT!

COMING,
SIR!



YOU WILL FLY TO WASHINGTON IMMEDIATELY AND DELIVER THIS TO THE COLONEL. TAKE THE PLANE YOU WERE USING!

YES, SIR!



AL TAKES OFF!

GEE! THE CAPTAIN FORGOT TO TELL ME WHERE THE COLONEL WAS STAYING IN WASHINGTON!



AND THIS SHIP HAS NO RADIO! HOW AM I GOING TO FIND HIM? WASHINGTON IS A BIG PLACE. WHERE SHALL I LOOK FIRST? THE WHITE HOUSE-- THE AIR PORT?

ON THE GROUND, A LONE PLANE-SPOTTER SPIES AL'S PLANE!



A ZERO! THE JAPS ARE INVADING!

AND, AS AL WORRIES HIS WAY TO THE CAPITOL...



HELLO, AIR-FIELD? THIS IS M-1 REPORTING JAP ZERO APPROACHING WASHINGTON-- DUE NORTH!



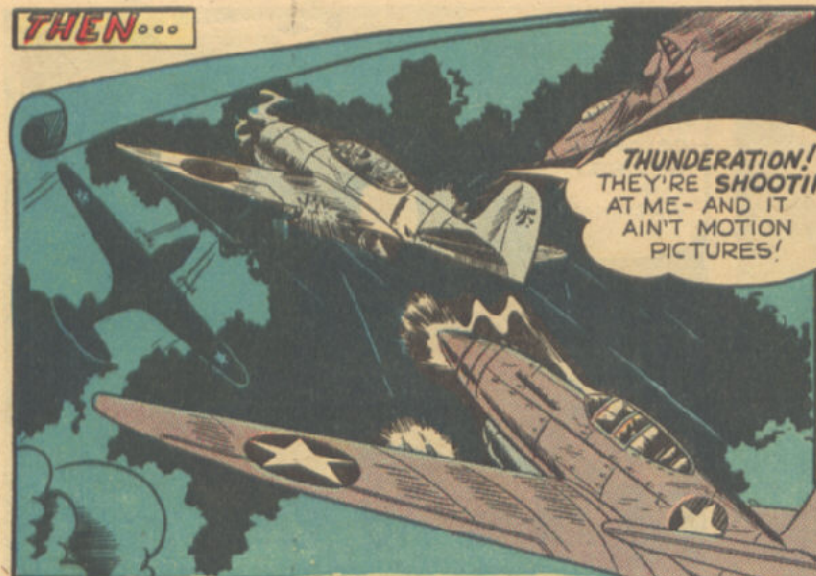
AL FLIES ON... NEARER AND NEARER TO WASHINGTON!

BOUNCING BOMBS! THERE HE IS! OKAY, BOYS-- LET'S GET HIM! WE'LL KNOCK THE NASTY NIP INTO NOTHING!



WELL, WELL-- A FIGHTER ESCORT! SOME CLASS! GUESS THE CAPTAIN WIRED AHEAD. WHAT A RELIEF! NOW I'LL FIND THE COLONEL!

THEN...



THUNDERATION!
THEY'RE SHOOTING
AT ME- AND IT
AIN'T MOTION
PICTURES!



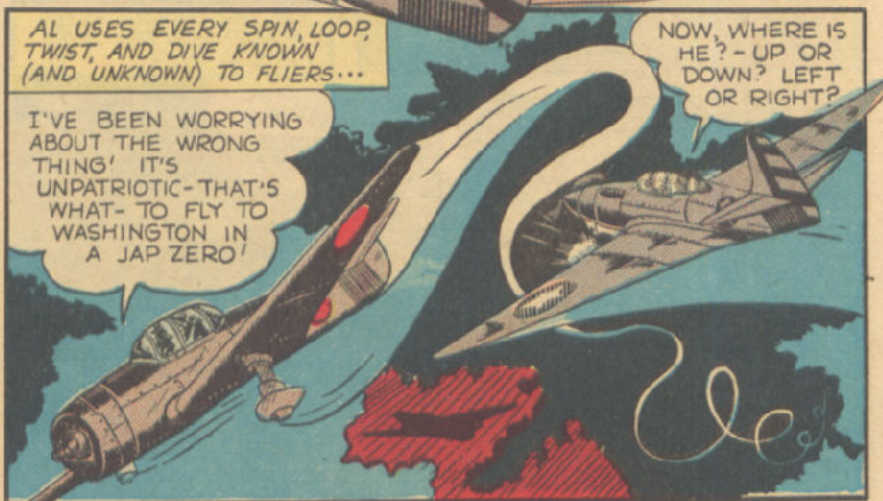
HEY! CUT IT OUT!
YOU'RE LIABLE
TO HIT ME!



WHAT'S THE
BIG ---?
HOPPIN' HEDGES!
I'M
A JAP!
NO, I'M
NOT-
BUT I'M
GONNA BE
A DEAD
DUCK!

AL USES EVERY SPIN, LOOP,
TWIST, AND DIVE KNOWN
(AND UNKNOWN) TO FLIERS...

I'VE BEEN WORRYING
ABOUT THE WRONG
THING! IT'S
UNPATRIOTIC-THAT'S
WHAT- TO FLY TO
WASHINGTON IN
A JAP ZERO!



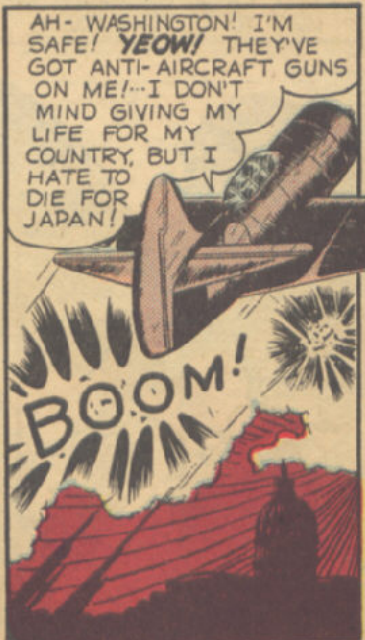
NOW, WHERE IS
HE? - UP OR
DOWN? LEFT
OR RIGHT?

...AND MANAGES TO
REACH THE OUTSKIRTS
OF THE CAPITAL CITY!



THERE'S THE ZERO!
COMMENCE FIRING-
BUT LOOK OUT
FOR OUR MEN
BEHIND HIM!

AH- WASHINGTON! I'M
SAFE! **YEOW!** THEY'VE
GOT ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS
ON ME!...I DON'T
MIND GIVING MY
LIFE FOR MY
COUNTRY, BUT I
HATE TO
DIE FOR
JAPAN!



BOOM!

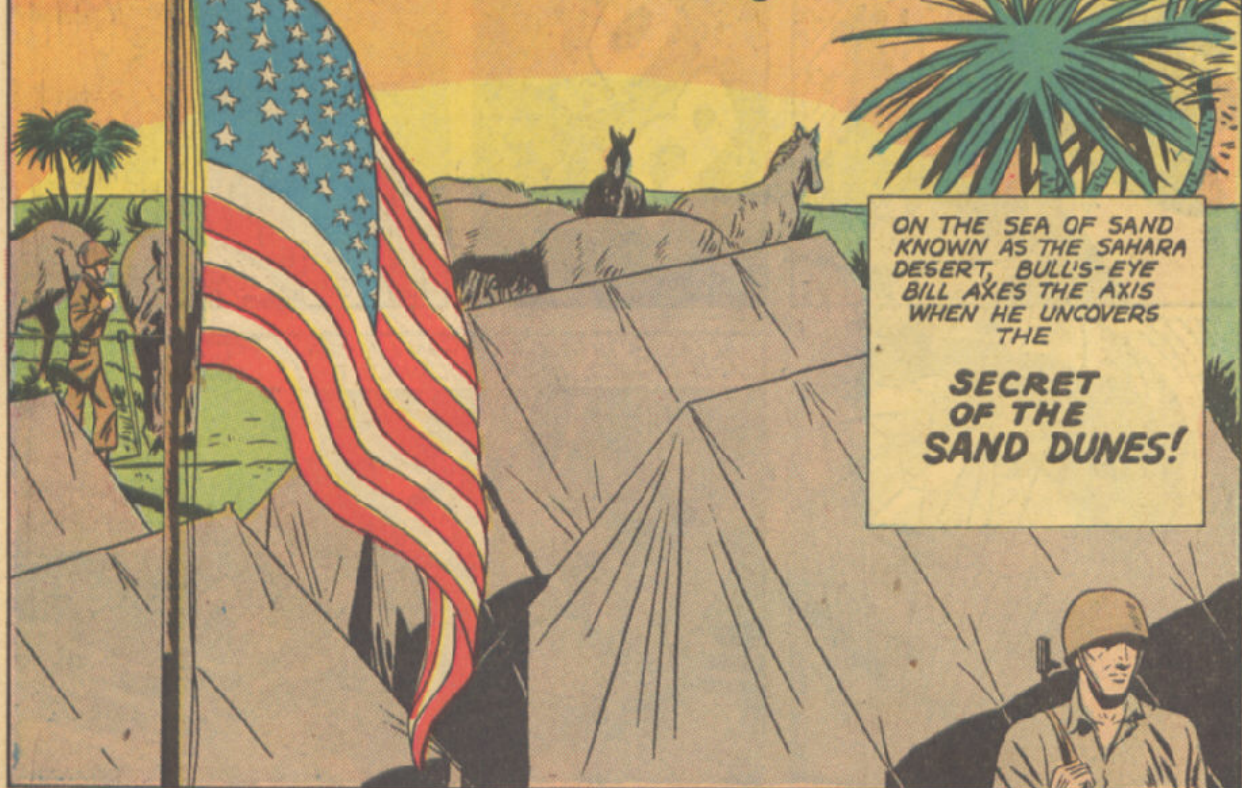


**ULP! THERE
GOES THE
WING!**

BOOM!



BULL'S-EYE BILL



ON THE SEA OF SAND
KNOWN AS THE SAHARA
DESERT, BULL'S-EYE
BILL AXES THE AXIS
WHEN HE UNCOVERS
THE

**SECRET
OF THE
SAND DUNES!**

AT AN AMERICAN CAVALRY
ENCAMPMENT IN NORTH
AFRICA ...

OUR LINES WERE BOMBED
AGAIN LAST NIGHT...
THOSE ENEMY PLANES
ARE COMING FROM
BEHIND OUR LINES!
WE'VE GOT TO
FIND OUT
WHERE!

MAYBE
PANCHO AND I
CAN FIND SOME-
THING... WE'LL
SADDLE UP.



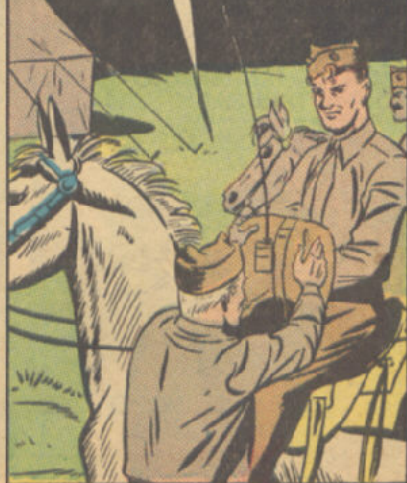
BUT, BEEL, WHERE
COULD THE NAZIS
HIDE AN AIR-
FIELD IN
THE OPEN
DESERT?

THAT'S
WHAT WE'RE
GOING TO
FIND OUT!



HERE, CAPTAIN-
DON'T FORGET
YOUR "WALKY-
TALKY!"
GOOD LUCK AND
GOOD HUNTING!

THANKS,
MAJOR!



BILL AND PANCHO LEAVE THE DESERT TRAILS AND STRIKE OUT INTO THE **UNCHARTED WASTES!**



IT IS ALREADY NIGHT, BEEL, AND STEEL WE FIND NOTHING!

I KNOW—WAIT! LISTEN!

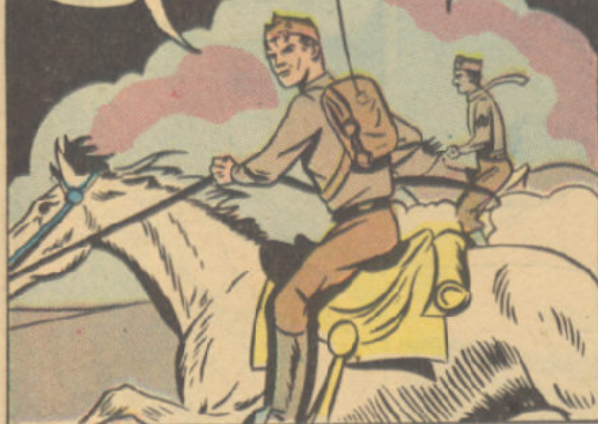


THEY HEAR THE STEADY DRONE OF MOTORS AND, OUT OF THE BLACK NIGHT, A SQUADRON OF LOW-FLYING NAZI BOMBERS WINGS INTO VIEW.



COME ON, PANCHO! THEY ONLY TOOK OFF A FEW MINUTES AGO—SOMEWHERE DEAD AHEAD!

I'M WEETH, YOU, BEEL!



BILL AND PANCHO SPUR THEIR WEARY MOUNTS OVER THE SAND!



THEN...

HOLD! THOSE PLANE'S MUST HAVE TAKEN OFF FROM SOME PLACE NEAR HERE.

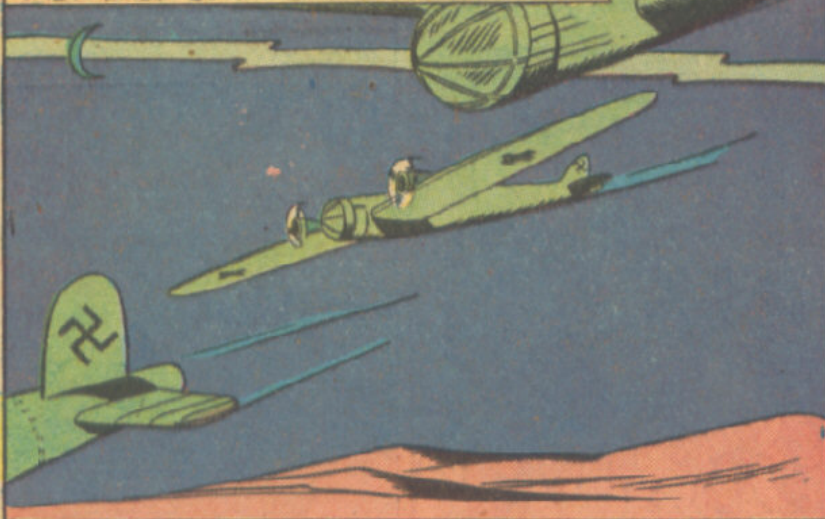
THERE IS NOTHING HERE, BEEL, BUT MORE SAND. MAYBE IT WAS A MIRAGE, EH?



MIRAGE NOTHING! LISTEN! I HEAR MOTORS AGAIN... THEY'RE COMING BACK. DISMOUNT, PANCHO, QUICKLY!



ONCE AGA'N, THE NAZI PLANES SWOOP LOW, AND THIS TIME THEY GLIDE DOWN TO THE DESERT FLOOR.



BILL AND PANCHO SPUR THEIR HORSES AWAY TO AVOID POSSIBLE DETECTION.



KEEP DOWN LOW, PANCHO!

YES, BEEL. SEE- THOSE PLANES, THEY LAND BEHIND THE SAND DUNES OVER THERE!



THE NAZI AIRCRAFT DISAPPEAR BEHIND THE CREST OF A SAND DUNE.



THE TWO SOLDIERS WRIGGLE SILENTLY CLOSER TO THE ENEMY CAMP!

WELL, I'LL BE —!



AND, BEFORE THEIR EYES, THE SILENT DESERT BECOMES A BUSY AIRFIELD!



WHEW! AN UNDERGROUND AIRBASE IN THE SAHARA! SOME SET UP!

WE RADIO THE BASE, YES?



NOT MUCH TIME TO RADIO,
PANCHE. DAWN WILL BREAK
SOON AND WE'LL BE
DISCOVERED! WE
CAN'T WAIT FOR
REINFORCEMENTS.

**BILL!
LOOK!**



A TROUPE OF ARAB HORSEMEN APPEAR, OUTLINED
AGAINST THE SKY BY THE LIGHT OF
THE COMING DAWN.

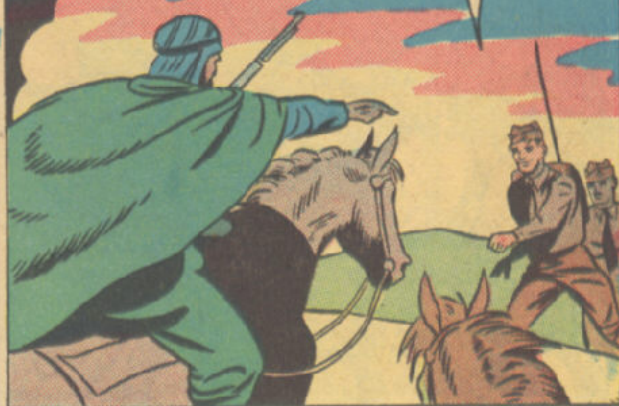


WE MAY GET HELP
FROM THAT BAND OF
ARABS! COME ON!



AN AMERICAN
OFFICER!

HELLO! WE NEED
YOUR HELP— TO
FIGHT SOME NAZIS!



BILL TELLS THE ARAB CHIEF
WHAT THEY FOUND...

WE, TOO, WERE FOLLOWING
THE SOUND OF THE ENEMY
PLANE. WE ARE HONORED
TO STRIKE A BLOW WITH
OUR AMERICAN
FRIENDS!



MY THIRTY
MEN ARE AT
YOUR COMMAND
AND EXTRA
HORSES!

THIRTY
MEN
ISN'T
MUCH TO
ATTACK
WITH, BUT—

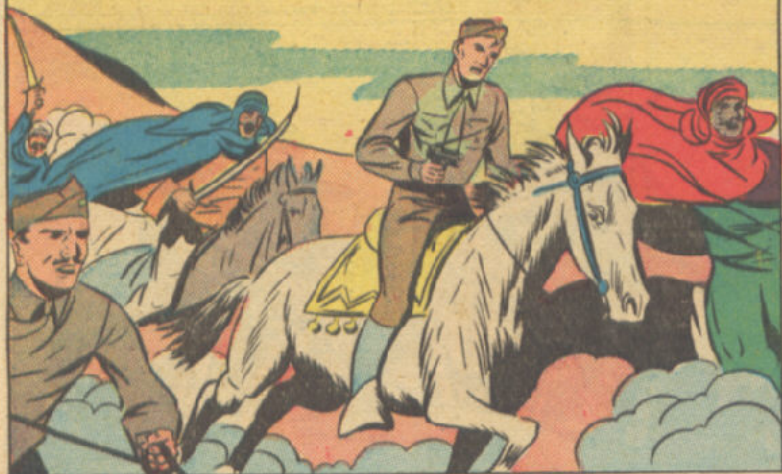


SUDDENLY, A SHOT RINGS OUT!

DUCK! THE NAZIS HAVE
SPOTTED US! NOW WE
ATTACK! LET'S GET
GOING! WHERE ARE THOSE
EXTRA HORSES, CHIEF?



BILL LEADS THE FIERCE ARAB HORSEMEN IN A WILD CHARGE ACROSS THE DESERT!



AS THE SMALL BAND CHARGES IN, NAZIS POUR FROM THEIR SECRET BASE TO GIVE BATTLE!



AND, ALTHOUGH BILL'S TROOP IS OUTNUMBERED, THE FEROCITY OF THEIR ATTACK BOWLS THE NAZIS OVER.



RUN, KARL! THESE MEN ARE DEVILS!

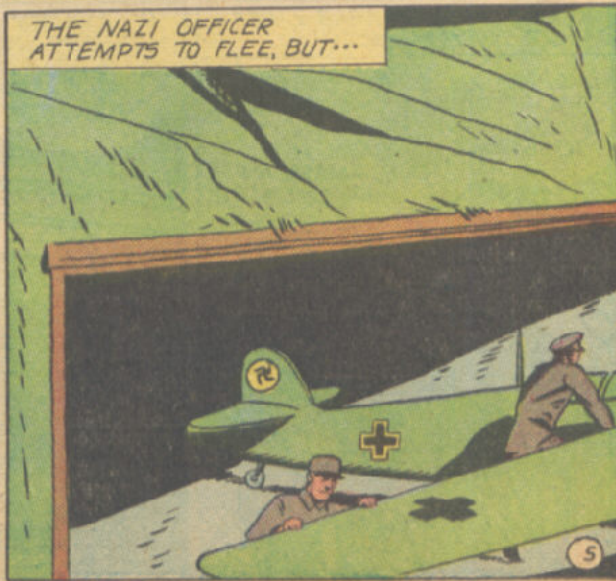
GET OUT OF MY WAY!



QUICK! WARM UP MY PLANE!

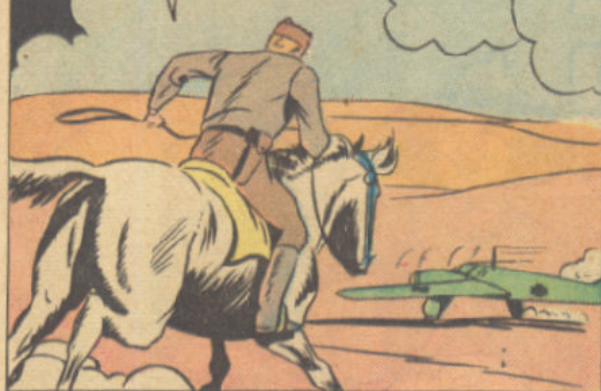


THE NAZI OFFICER ATTEMPTS TO FLEE, BUT...



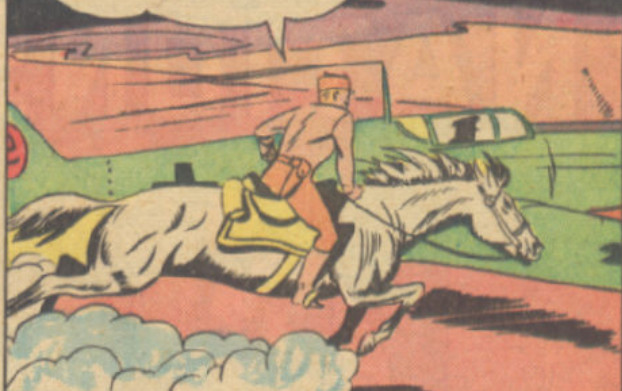
BILL SEES AND RACES FORWARD TO INTERCEPT THE ESCAPE!

THE PLANE IS MOVING—
I'LL HAVE TO CUT
ACROSS...



BILL BARELY MANAGES TO CATCH THE PLANE AS IT RACES ALONG THE GROUND, GATHERING SPEED.

HE'LL TAKE OFF
IN A SECOND! IT'S
NOW OR NEVER!



WITH A MIGHTY LEAP, BILL
SPRINGS FROM THE
SADDLE...

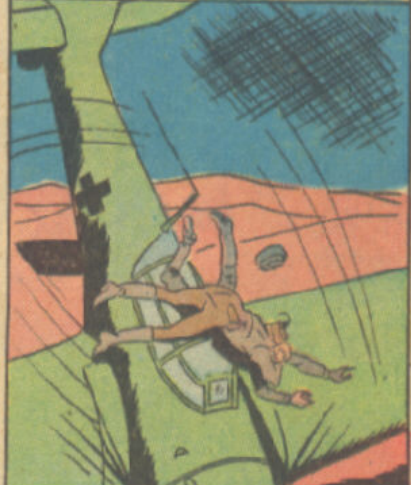


... AND LANDS ATOP THE TINY
PLANE— THE GERMAN
OFFICER IS HELPLESS IN HIS
POWERFUL GRIP.

THIS IS SORT OF
LIKE THROWING A
STEER!



THE NAZI LOSES CONTROL OF
HIS PLANE AND IT NOSES
OVER INTO THE SAND.



BEEL! YOU
ARE ALL
RIGHT!

SURE! BUT
HERE'S ANOTHER
BRONCHO YOU
CAN CORRAL
WITH THE
REST!



THE BATTLE SUCCESSFULLY COMPLETED,
BILL RADIOS THE GOOD NEWS TO
HIS BASE.

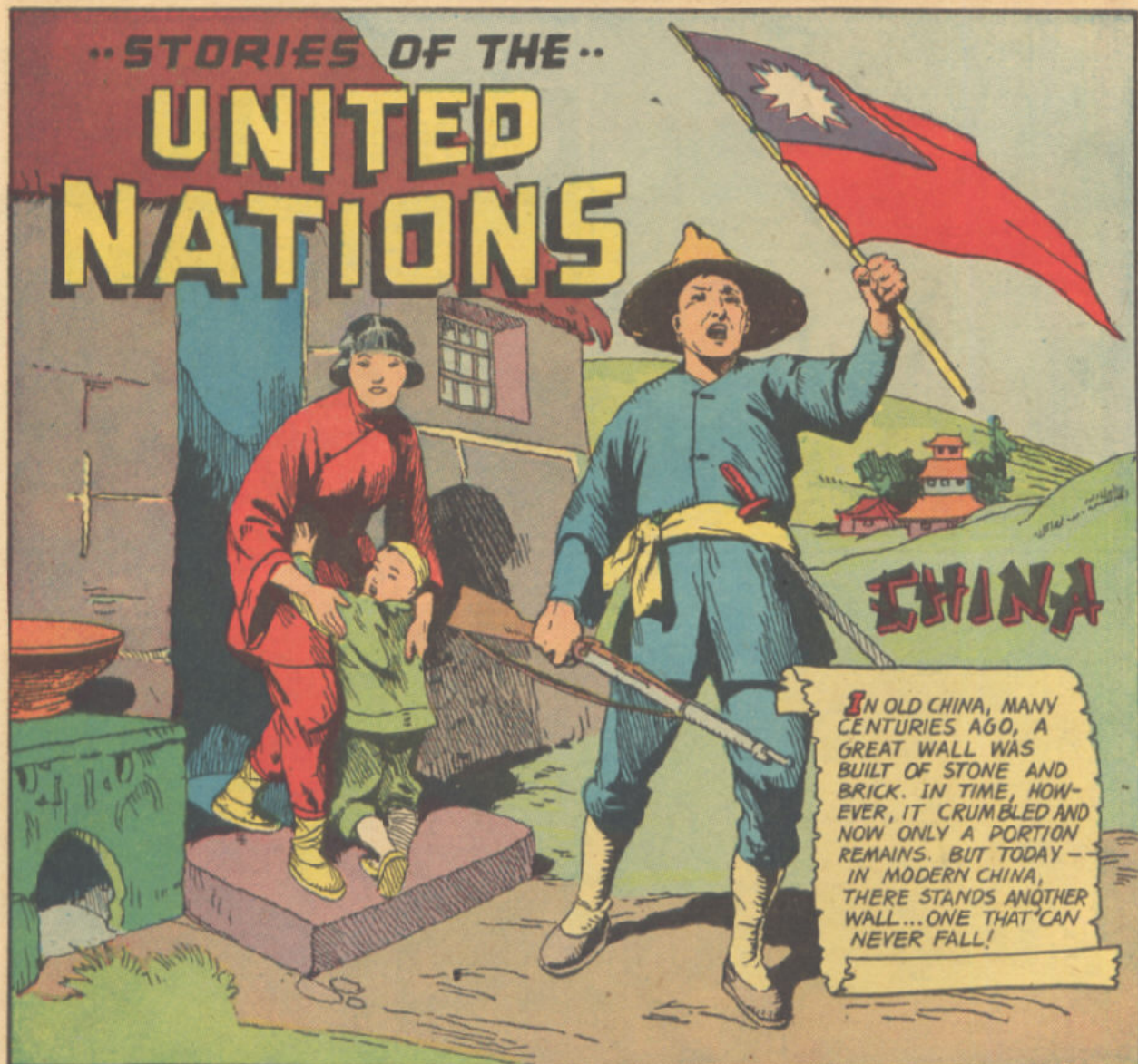
THE SHOW'S OVER, MAJOR!
YOU WON'T BE HEARING
ANY MORE FROM THOSE
PLANES. THANKS TO
OUR ARAB
FRIENDS!



THE NAZIS
HAVE
LEARNED
ONCE AGAIN
THAT IT'S
EASIER TO
TALK ABOUT
BEATING US
THAN IT IS
TO DO IT!

TAKE A
CRACK AT
THE NAZIS
YOURSELF!
BUY WAR
BONDS AND
STAMPS!

..STORIES OF THE.. UNITED NATIONS



IN 1931, WHEN CHINA FIRST FELT THE HEAVY HEEL OF THE INVADER, CHANG WEI WAS BUT A SIMPLE, UP-HILL FARMER. HE HAD A GOOD WIFE, A LITTLE SON, AND A FEW FERTILE FIELDS.



BUT THEN, ONE DAY --

HALOO, HU-SIN!
WHAT IS THE
MATTER?

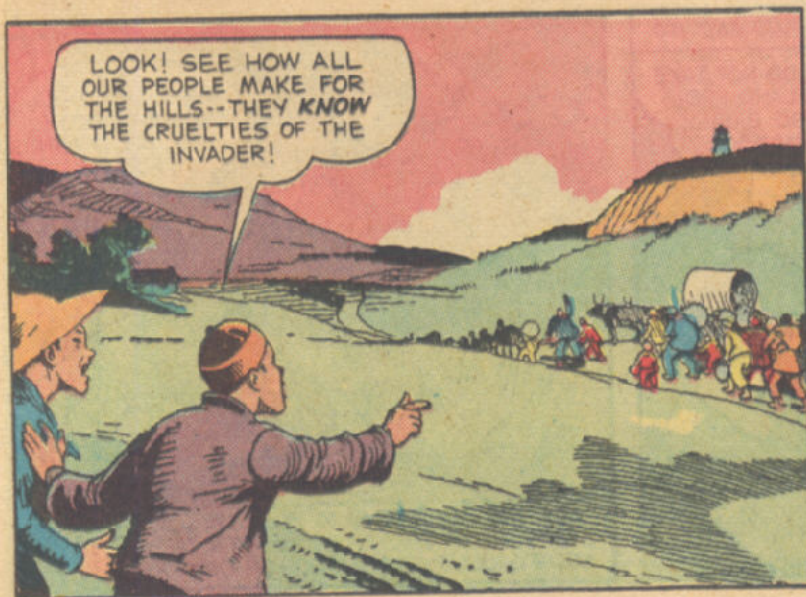
THE INVADER!
HE IS COMING!
TAKE YOUR
WIFE AND
FLEE!



BUT WHY SHOULD
I RUN? THIS IS
MY HOME! WHAT
WILL BECOME OF
THEM IF I
LEAVE?

WHAT WILL
BECOME OF
YOU IF YOU
ARE CAUGHT?

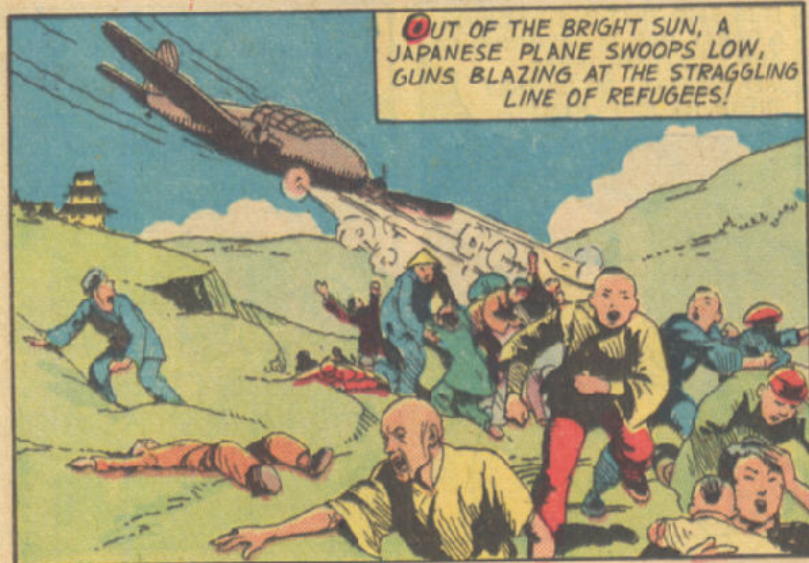




LOOK! SEE HOW ALL OUR PEOPLE MAKE FOR THE HILLS--THEY *KNOW* THE CRUELITIES OF THE INVADER!



DOWN! A FLYING MACHINE WITH THE RISING SUN EMBLEM!



OUT OF THE BRIGHT SUN, A JAPANESE PLANE SWOOPS LOW, GUNS BLAZING AT THE STRAGGLING LINE OF REFUGEES!



CHANG--YOU ARE NOT HARMED?

I AM ALL RIGHT! TAKE OUR SON AND GO--YOU MUST LEAVE NOW!

TO RUN WITHOUT FIGHTING FOR WHAT IS OURS, IS COWARDLY! OUR FATHERS TAUGHT US TO USE THE GREAT CURVED SWORD--FETCH YOUR BLADE, HU-SIN, AND SOME MORE MEN--WE SHALL GREET THIS INVADER!



AND LATER, THE MEN ASSEMBLE IN CHANG'S FIELD.

THE ENEMY MUST PASS THROUGH THE MARSHLANDS! WE WILL MEET HIM THERE--AMONG TALL REEDS AND SWAMP GRASS!



FOR HOURS THE CHINESE LIE PATIENTLY WAITING...

SSH! HERE! THE JAPANESE COME NOW!



WITH A SHOUT OF VENGEANCE, CHANG AND HIS MEN LEAP TO ATTACK.



YOU DO NOT TAKE OUR LAND FROM US SO EASILY, INVADER!



H-E-L-L-P! THE SWAMP IS PULLING ME DOWN! HELP!

AS THE JAP TURNS TO FLEE, HE STEPS FROM THE NARROW PATH OF SOLID GROUND INTO A POOL OF QUICKSAND.

THE INVADERS ARE NOT CONQUERORS THIS TIME. BUT, WE CANNOT HOPE TO FIGHT THEM WITH ONLY OUR SWORDS! WE MUST HAVE WEAPONS!



IT IS SAID THAT IN CHUNGKING A GREAT MAN IS GATHERING AN ARMY TO FIGHT THESE JAPANESE! LET US JOURNEY THERE TO JOIN HIM!



THAT IS GOOD! WE WILL STOP FIRST AT THE NEXT TOWN FOR OUR FAMILIES!



HALF HOUR LATER...

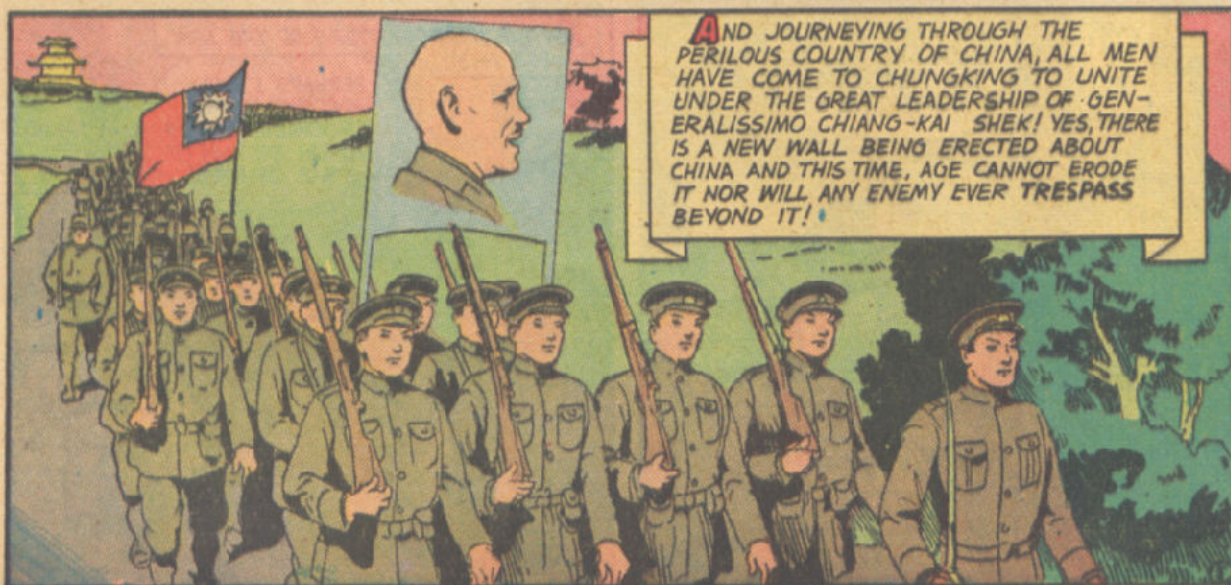
PREPARE FOR A LONG JOURNEY, WIFE! WE HAVE ALL AGREED TO GO TO CHUNG-KING!



AND SO, THE COURAGEOUS PEOPLE BEGIN THEIR LONG TREK -- DOWN INTO DEEP VALLEYS AND OVER HIGH PEAKS.







DEEP WATER



DANGER

THE SKY was clear blue and the surface of the ocean almost a dead calm, but Chris was scared, deep and hard. The trawler rocked lazily at anchor, her boom and rigging whispering as her scarred hull swung sleepily in the swell.

"Ready, Chris?"

Chris looked up quickly. "Huh? Oh — sure, I'm ready. Sure, let's get started."

Chris had known before they came out here that he was going down to work deeper than he'd ever gone before. He knew...

"You won't have any trouble," Marty soothed and Chris knew Marty was wondering if Chris would go through with it after what had happened that other time.

Chris thought about that now. It required an effort to make his mind recall what had happened. It was almost six months ago and the depth hadn't been as great as it was to be now. He remembered it very clearly as if it had just been a few days ago instead of six months. Diving was like anything else, a profession, and one that Chris had loved just as other men loved automobile repairing or flying a plane or being a lawyer.

"Head-gear, Chris," Marty murmured.

Chris started again. "Yeah... wait a sec. Got a crick—"

He worked his neck slowly, pinning his eyes to the sky above him for perhaps the last time—

Chump! Last time nothing. He was going down and coming up again. Why let a little thing like what had happened that other time...

Chris knew that going down again was going to be a grim, hard-fought proposition, out of which he would escape victorious through his wits, his ability as a diver or...

He knew he'd never forget reaching the hull of that vessel, making his survey, entering the ship through one of the doors. He had started down a flight of stairs and they gave under him. He had dropped into the sunken depths of the old hull while above him the door had swung shut and he'd been trapped, unable to signal to those above him, unable to help himself immediately. When he'd felt the chill fingers of water seeping through the leg of his suit...

"Okay, Chris?" Marty's voice was soft. It was more than a

question concerning the crick in Chris' neck. He knew that, as he met Marty's eyes and saw the real question in them

"Okay," Chris forced himself to say. "Seal me up and let's get started...!"

HE SANK through the ocean realizing that they were lowering him with care and ease, because all of them knew what had happened. It was dangerous, this trip, more so than any of the others in the past. Not like it had been years ago. Now there were submarines, floating mines. You might be down there and suddenly have your ship up on surface blown into the middle of next week.

Chris signaled for a stop as a dark shape slid under him, a shape both ugly and beautiful... one of the killer sharks plentiful in these parts. Chris wasn't ready for anything of that sort. Up above they'd think he'd lost his nerve—

Chris grimly signaled to go down. He kept a sharp watch until he reached the floor and saw the lean hull away to his right and cautiously he pressed in that direction.

The torpedo had certainly opened her up. For a little

while Chris forgot his own anxieties as he investigated the gaping wound in the side of the destroyer. This was a rush job. Uncle Sam needed the papers and other data in the captain's quarters. It was up to Chris to get that material!

Chris pushed around against the current. It was the first real exertion he had had and now he found it tiring, and realized that perhaps he shouldn't have attempted this quite so soon. But he couldn't go back up. They'd be convinced he was yellow.

Chris pushed ahead. He made a careful survey, discovering that the destroyer was resting in a cradle on the bottom, with the floor running down hill on either side. It seemed secure enough but, the tide. . . .

Chris entered through the port wound; he had to be careful now. He moved ahead cautiously, picking his way with care to avoid ragged edges; twisted, distorted machinery. He'd memorized a diagram of the ship. He was pretty sure he knew where he stood, where to find the stairs, the hall that led to the captain's quarters, the water-proof strong box in which the papers were locked.

Chris reached the hallway. As he moved cautiously ahead he wondered why the navy hadn't taken this job themselves. He supposed that divers were not available, probably were scattered around the far four corners of the earth. There were enough other jobs for them.

Uncle Sam had to have these papers. What they were was a military secret, few people would ever know even after the war. But Chris wasn't so concerned with that as with getting them and . . . getting out again!

He was in the cabin. It took shape before him and he hesi-

tated just inside the door, getting his bearings. He started forward. . . .

HIS FEET slipped from under him and he dropped to the floor, then slid slowly until he struck the wall feet first. He waited there, feeling sweat break out all over his body. The floor was slanting sharply. . . .

The hull had shifted!

He remembered the gaping wound in the side through which he had entered. Foolishly perhaps. It would have been better to come in off the deck—

Slowly, Chris got to his feet. Fear had grown within him and he battled against it, against the overwhelming desire to get out of here, to be lifted back up to the surface, to get his feet on solid earth! His teeth were chattering. Sweat bathed his body. He was close to panic and for a moment he leaned against the slanting wall, fighting fear, gradually overcoming it until his heart stopped its smothered hammering and his breathing was easier.

Chris pushed cautiously forward. It was dangerous, slow work. He stopped once more and closed his eyes to think, recalling painstakingly the diagrammed details of the cabin, the location of the equipment, the box. . . .

Chris reached his objective. The box was heavy but he could manage it. Good thing those under-water killers hadn't known about this booty. Boy, wouldn't it burn them up if they ever found out . . . he felt better thinking about that!

Carefully Chris retraced his steps. His body was weak from exertion now. Again fear was crawling into his heart, trying to hurry his steps. Which side did the ship lie on? He was all

mixed up now, couldn't remember how he'd come in. He reached the wound. . . .

THE DESTROYER lay on this side!

For a moment the full knowledge struck Chris with such force that he almost lost his nerve, his ability to think . . . his mind! But there was, he knew desperately, a chance. Room perhaps to squeeze through—

Chris felt his way onto the floor of the ocean. He needed all his courage and nerve now. He steadied himself as he bent down and forced his body up between the hull and the sand. He had to struggle to keep his mind and body coordinated, as he snaked his way forward, dragging the box doggedly after him. His body jammed in between the ship and the sand. He had to be careful . . . careful. If she rolled over, if the tide shifted her again. . . .

PRESSURE LIFTED as Chris crawled out from under, forced unwilling legs to support him. He moved away into the current, till he could turn and look back at the hull lying there on her side. He drew a deep breath as he gripped his prize and signaled to be taken up.

He watched the hull disappear beneath him in the luminous green of the ocean. It had been nip and tuck. Tuck . . . or maybe it was Nip . . . had nearly won.

But Chris and Uncle Sam had been the final victors. As Chris watched the vague outline of the destroyer merge with the shadows of the ocean, he knew that he'd won! That he was cured! That he'd never again be afraid to do his job!

The End.

DAN'L FLANNEL

GENERAL STORE

NOTICE

THE ANNUAL BASEBALL "TORNEE-MENT" BETWEEN THE HOMESPUN CENTER CAT-FISH AND THE VICIOUS VALLEY VARMINTS WILL BE PLAYED ON LABOR DAY. SIGN UP FOR THE GAME TODAY. FREE SODA POP AND MEDICAL CARE FOR ALL PLAYERS! EVERYONE WELCOME TO WATCH, BUT THE COMMITTEE WILL NOT BE RESPONSIBLE FOR ANY ACCIDENTS! COME ALL! (AT YOUR OWN RISK!)

WHY... WE'LL LICK THOSE VARMINTS WIF OUR HANDS TIED BEHIND OUR BACKS!

HUH? HOW'RE WE GONNA BAT?

YOU SIGNIN' UP, DAN'L?

AH SHORE AM! AH'M SIGNIN' UP -- AS PITCHER.

AND AT THE REGISTRATION BOOTH...

THASS IT, DAN'L... JES' PUT YORE NAME THAR!

THAR SHE BE!

SAY...WHO BE THET ONE BEHINE DAN'L?

THE NEXT MAN STEPS FORWARD.

NAME?

B'AR GREASE WILLYAMS AN' AH AIMS TO BE PITCHER O' THIS OUTFIT.

STOP! HE CAN'T SIGN UP! IT'S ILLEGAL!





THE CROWD GOES
WILD AS THE
VARMINTS LOAD
THE BASES!

B'AR GREASE
WILLIAMS
COMES TO BAT!

GUESS IT'S UP TA
ME... CAIN'T
LET THE 'CAT-
FISH' DOWN!

(CHUCKLE)
WAIT'LL AH SLAMS
THAT PILL OUT!
(CHUCKLE)

C'MON
FLANNEL!

DAN'L WINDS UP...
HE PITCHES!

BALL, HYAR
YO' GOES TO
ALASKY!

GRUNT-

SMACK
CRACK

A HOME
RUN! WE
IS LICKED!

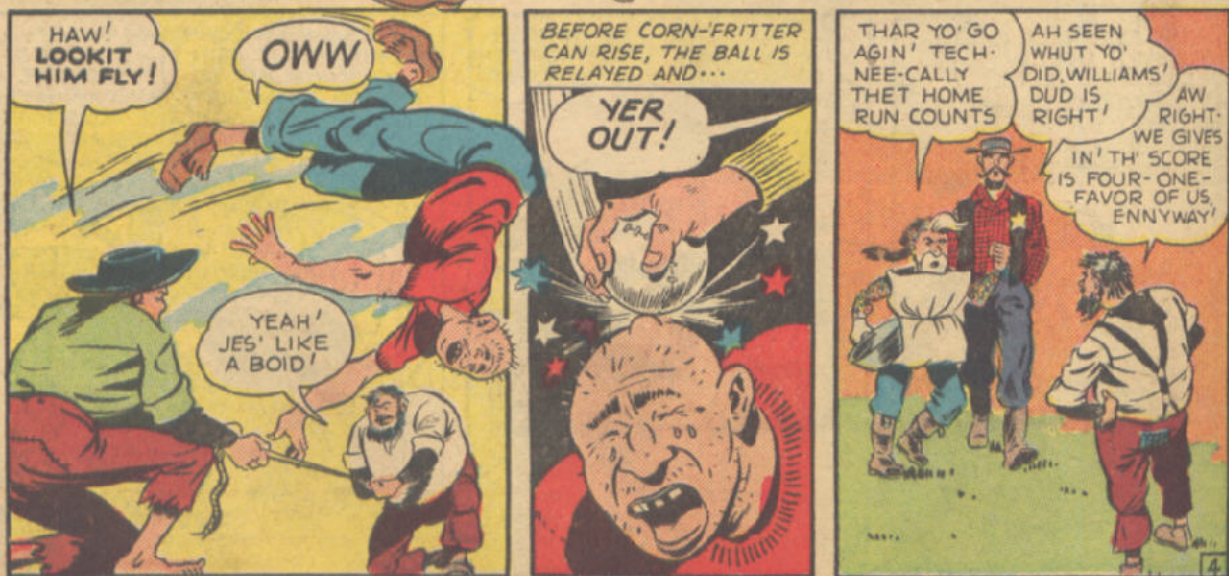
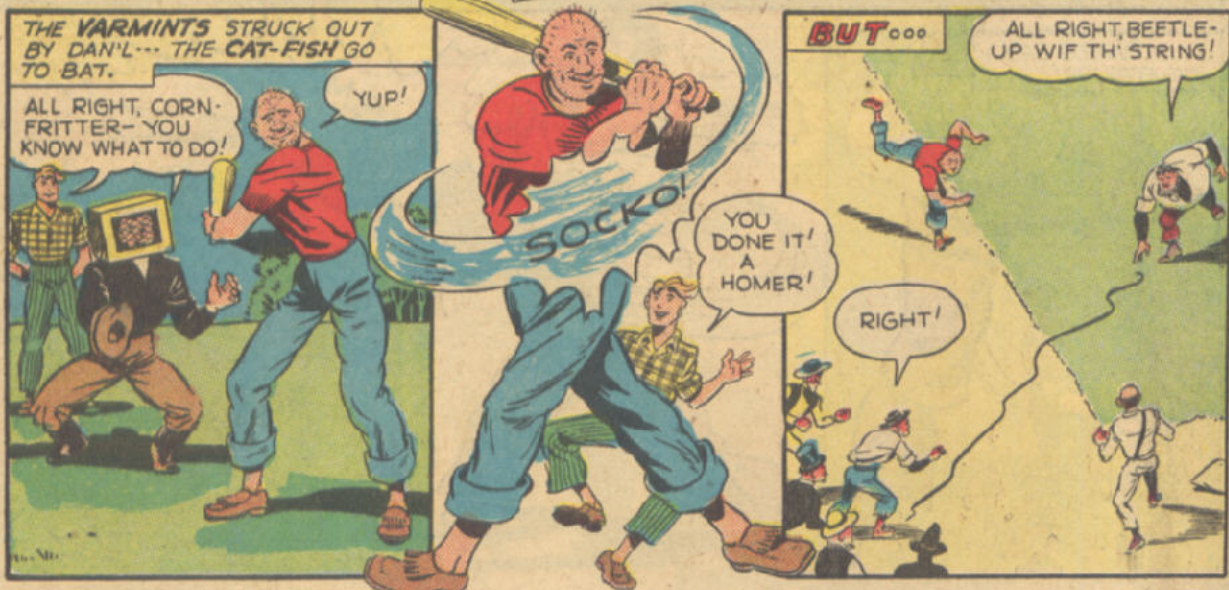
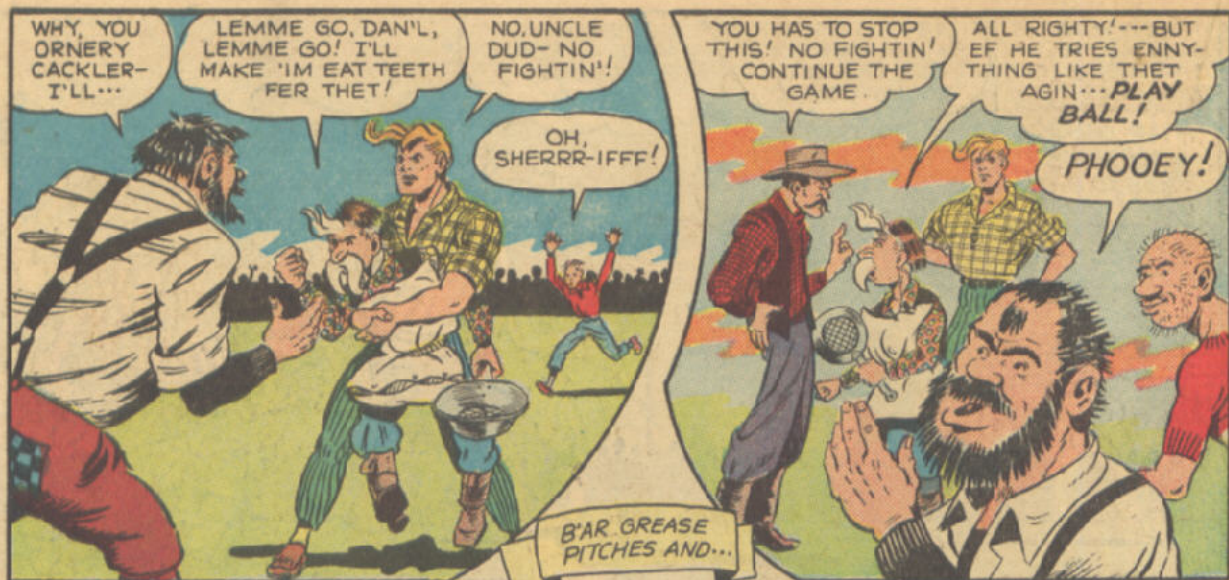
THE FLANNELS IS
NEVER LICKED!
I DIDN'T LIKE TH'
SOUND O'
THET BAT!

SAY! TAIN'T FAIR!
WILLIAMS USED
A BAT LOADED
WIF IRON!

NO WONDER
THET WEAKLIN'
GOT A HOMER!

TH' RULE BOOK DON'T SAY BUT IT
NOTHIN' ABOUT USIN' THET KINDA BAT. SO
AH SAYS TH' SCORE
COUNTS!

BUT IT
AIN'T FAIR,
VARMINT,
AND AH SAYS
THE RUNS DON'T
COUNT!



THE GAME GOES ON. NO RUNS ARE HIT FOR THE NEXT EIGHT INNINGS. IT IS NOW THE LAST HALF OF THE NINTH WITH THE CAT-FISH AT BAT, WHEN...

A ONE-BAGGER!

SMACK!

THE LAST INNING RALLY CONTINUES. THE BASES ARE LOADED WHEN DAN'L STEPS TO THE PLATE...

DAN'L'S UP NEXT!

DAN'L, YO' HAVE TH' CHANCE TO WIN TH' GAME. EF'N YO' DOES, YO' GETS A BRAND NEW BUCKSKIN JACKET AS A BONUS.

THEN AH'S GOT TO DO IT!

YOU SHOULD BE WIF TH' WIMMIN, 'STEAD O' PLAYIN' BALL!

YO' JUS' CHUCK IN THET PILL 'N STOP WORRYIN' YERSELF OUT OV BREATH!

(CHUCKLE) IF'N AH CAN'T STRIKE 'IM OUT, AH'LL KNOCK 'IM OUT O' THE GAME!

THE BALL STREAKS FOR DAN'L'S HEAD- BUT...

WOW! HE'S TRYIN' TO MURDER ME!

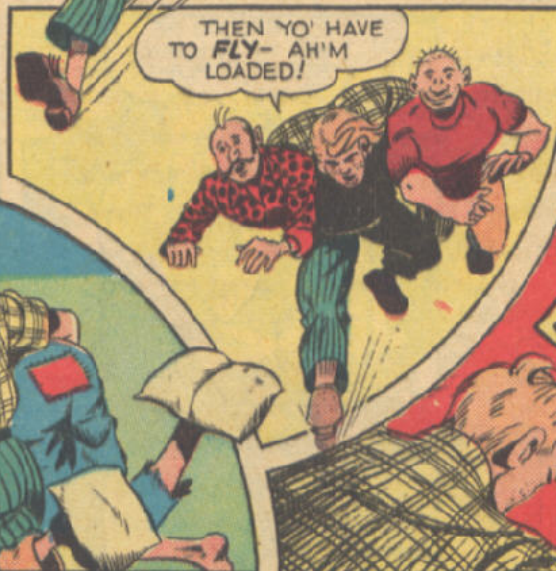
ZZIPP

B'AR GREASE IS WARNED BY UNCLE DUD ABOUT THIS USE OF THE "BEAN BALL", AND THE GAME CONTINUES

BOY! HERE COMES ONE RIGHT OVER THE PLATE!

SPLAT

AN' THAR IT GOES- BACK WHAR IT CAME FRUM!



THE TARGET

and the TARGETEERS

MAKE WAY!
THE TARGET AND THE
TARGETEERS
GO INTO ACTION AGAIN BY
SPECIAL REQUEST OF THE
UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT!
WITH TYPICAL AMERICAN
COURAGE AND DARING,
THE TARGET PROVES THAT
YOU CAN'T BE RIGHT IF
YOU'RE ON THE WRONG
SIDE - IN THE
CASE OF THE
ERRING SPY!



IN A DOWNTOWN HOTEL,
NILES REED, THE TARGET,
TOMMY BROWN AND DAVE
FOSTER, THE TARGETEERS,
ARE STILL ON FURLOUGH.

SECONDS LATER...

WHAT'S SHE
GOT THAT
WE HAVEN'T?

HAVE
A GOOD
TIME!

SEE YOU TWO
GUYS LATER
I'VE A DATE.

GOT TO BE GOING
MYSELF, NILES. UH...
MEETING ONE OF THE
FELLOWS FROM THE
BOAT!

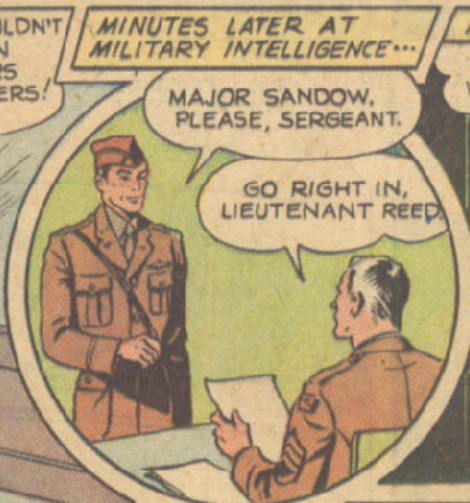
WHAT! YOU, TOO?
WELL, ENJOY
YOURSELF!

STILL LATER...

I'M GLAD THE BOYS LEFT
EARLY. IT WOULD BE
IMPOSSIBLE FOR ME TO TELL
THEM WHERE
I'M GOING
THIS
EVENING.



MINUTES LATER AT MILITARY INTELLIGENCE...



NILES ENTERS...

DAVE! TOMMY! WHAT IS THIS?

HAH! LOOKS AS IF YOU BOYS FOOLED ONE ANOTHER!



OUT COLD! WHO IS HE, MAJOR?

WE'D LIKE TO KNOW! THIS MAN WAS CAUGHT WHEN WE CLOSED IN ON A SPY RING. THE OTHERS ESCAPED THROUGH AN ALLEY WAY!



HE CARRIES NO IDENTIFICATION, BUT WE BELIEVE HE CAN LEAD US TO THE HEAD MAN. I WANT YOU BOYS TO WORK ON THIS AS THE TARGET AND TARGETEERS!



HOLD ON! I DIDN'T MEAN IT *THAT* WAY! SUPPOSE WE BRING HIM, STILL UNCONSCIOUS, TO THE ALLEYWAY-- THEN LET HIM COME TO.

AH! AND WHEN HE COMES TO, YOU'LL FOLLOW HIM DIRECT TO THEIR HEADQUARTERS-- TO HIS LEADER!



LATER...

I'M NOT SURE WHICH OF MY UNIFORMS I PREFER.

WELL, WE CARRY ON FOR UNCLE SAM IN BOTH! UH... HERE'S THE PLACE!



THE SPY IS CARRIED FROM THE CAR...

LAY HIM DOWN HERE. WE'LL WAIT ON THE FIRE ESCAPE!

RIGHT!



A SHORT TIME LATER...

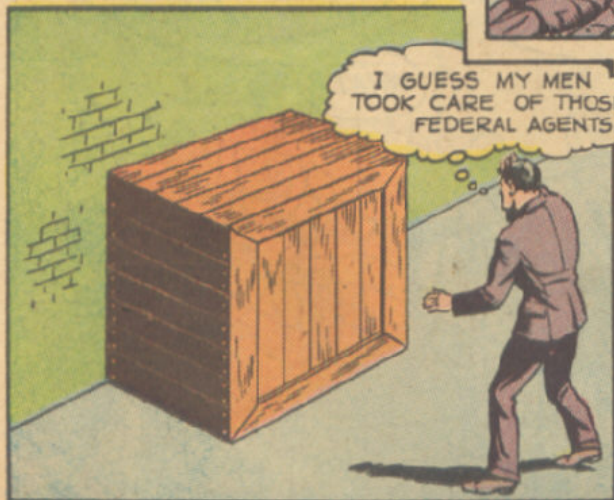
HE'S STARTING TO COME OUT OF IT.

QUIET, NOW!



OH-- MY HEAD!-- THERE WAS A FIGHT-- THAT'S ALL I REMEMBER. HMPH... BETTER GET TO HEADQUARTERS!

I GUESS MY MEN TOOK CARE OF THOSE FEDERAL AGENTS.



THE SPY TOUCHES THE PACKING CASE AND A CONCEALED DOOR OPENS IN.

NOW, TO MAKE MY REPORT!





THE TARGETEER STRIKES QUICKLY!





WHILE OUTSIDE...

WHAT DO YOU SEE, NILES?

PLENTY! GET SET FOR A BATTLE ROYAL!

SUDDENLY...

ONE FALSE MOVE AND WE BLAST YOU!

OH-OH! LOOKS AS IF WE'RE CAUGHT THIS TIME!

INSIDE THE ROOM, THEY ARE GREETED BY LONG.

AH! THE TARGET AND THE TARGETEERS!

YES STILL IN ACTION AGAINST CROOKS!

GET INSIDE!

DO AS HE SAYS, BOYS--- WE'LL HAVE OUR PICNIC LATER!

NO... NOT A FIRING SQUAD! WE HAVE A MORE SUBTLE METHOD OF DISPOSING OF PEOPLE WHOM WE DON'T CARE TO HAVE AROUND!

BACK UP AGAINST THAT WALL- QUICKLY!

FIRING SQUAD?

SHUT UP! MOVE!

WHAT'S HE DRIVING AT?

I DON'T KNOW YET- HE'S PRESSING THAT BUTTON...

THE FLOOR'S OPENING!

AND SLIDING TOWARD US!



SPECK SPOT and SIS

CAPTAIN SPECK IS IN THE HOSPITAL AND CAPTAIN BETTY, OF THE J.A.C.S. DECIDES THIS IS A GOOD TIME TO GET CAUGHT UP ON CORRESPONDENCE FROM THE OTHER J.A.C. AND V.I.O.T. CLUBS ALL OVER THE UNITED STATES.

ALSO, A DESIGN FOR A J.A.C. EMBLEM MUST BE CHOSEN FROM THE MANY SENT IN BY THE READERS.

OF COURSE, LITTLE SIS PLAYS AN IMPORTANT PART IN THE CHOOSING OF THE EMBLEM... SO SHE THINKS.

V.I.O.T.- VICTORY IS OUR TARGET.
J.A.C.- JUNIOR AUXILIARY CORPS.

THANKS, BOYS AND GIRLS, FOR SENDING IN ALL THOSE DESIGNS FOR THE J.A.C. EMBLEM. THEY ARE ALL GOOD, BUT WE CAN USE ONLY ONE, SO WE WILL MAKE OUR CHOICE TODAY.

I DON'T KNOW 'BOUT ME HELPIN'. I'M JUST TERRIBLE BUSY TODAY!



LITTLE SIS, YOU BRING IN THE MAIL AND DUMP IT HERE. I'LL SORT OUT THE MOST LIKELY DESIGNS.

GOSH! WISH I WAS A GENERAL.



THEN WE'LL TAKE THEM TO SPECK AND HAVE HIM HELP CHOOSE THE BEST DESIGN FOR THE J.A.C.S.



THERE ARE TWO YOUNG LADIES CALLING.

PLEASE SHOW THEM IN.



NURSE, DOES THE PATIENT FEEL LIKE DOING SOME WORK TODAY?

OH, YES INDEED! A LITTLE WORK WILL DO HIM GOOD.

IT'S A LOT OF FOOLISHNESS. WE'D DO BETTER IF WE GOT OUT AND SOLD WAR STAMPS!



THERE WERE SO MANY IDEAS FOR OUR J.A.C. EMBLEM SENT IN. LITTLE SIS AND I WENT OVER THEM AND PICKED OUT A FEW OF THE BEST. ... THERE MUST BE A LOT OF J.A.C. AND V.I.O.T. CLUBS-- THEY'RE SO PATRIOTIC.



NOW, HERE IS A DESIGN FOR A J.A.C. EMBLEM SENT IN FROM MARY AGNES REED AGE, 12 YEARS. SHE DOESN'T GIVE HER ADDRESS.



THIS ONE IS FROM RICHARD MOSKOVITZ, 5542 WILKINS AVENUE, PITTSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA.



THIS IS A DANDY IDEA FROM MISS FRANCIS MADORA FRANCE 531 G, CHARLOTTE COURT, LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY.



HERE ARE MORE-- FROM CHARLES ISLE, JR, DEERWOOD, MINNESOTA; ANOTHER FROM MICKY COLIZZI, GENEVA, N.Y; AND ONE FROM MELVIN CLINE, DENVER, COLORADO. ANOTHER FROM BILLY ROHLAND, SOMERVILLE, NEW JERSEY-- WHO SAYS 'THUMBS UP AND KEEP 'EM LAUGHING'. AND HERE IS A WHOLE BUNCH OF EMBLEM IDEAS FROM JOE PEASLEE, FAIRFIELD, MONTANA--AND A LOT MORE. ISN'T IT THRILLING? AND THERE ARE SO MANY NATIONALITIES REPRESENTED, ALL OF THEM NOW AMERICANS.

GOSH! IT'S GREAT!!

BUT, HERE IS MY FIRST CHOICE. IT IS SIMPLE IN DESIGN AND TELLS THE STORY.

I AGREE WITH YOU, BETTY. LET'S GET IT MADE UP RIGHT AWAY, SO YOU GIRLS CAN START TO WEAR THEM!

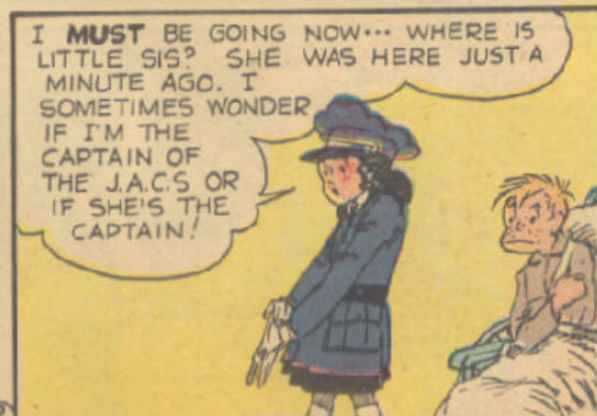


AND HERE'S THE FIRST CHOICE!



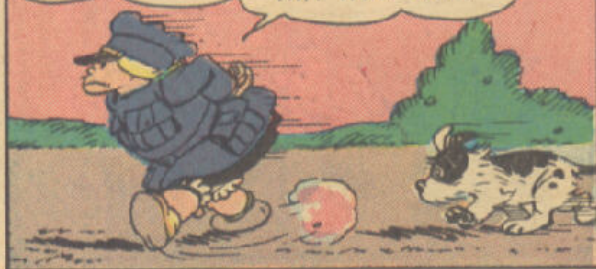
FROM LINCOLN N. G. 61 CHRISTIE STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

I MUST BE GOING NOW... WHERE IS LITTLE SIS? SHE WAS HERE JUST A MINUTE AGO. I SOMETIMES WONDER IF I'M THE CAPTAIN OF THE J.A.C.S OR IF SHE'S THE CAPTAIN!



LET'S SEE "WHAT'S COOKIN'" WITH LITTLE SIS---

COME ON, SPOT. LET'S GO A-SCOUTIN'! THIS FOOLIN' 'ROUND WITH EMBLEMS IS "LOST MAN-POWER"—AND WE'VE GOTTA HELP WIN THIS WAR!



I SOLD TWO WAR SAVINGS STAMPS TO THE PEOPLE THAT LIVE HERE—BUT THEY NEVER BOUGHT ANY MORE. I'M GONNA ASK WHY?



KNOCK

WAR SAVINGS STAMP BOOKS THAT AIN'T BEING FILLED, AIN'T DOIN'! ANYBODY ANY GOOD—SPECIALLY MY UNCLE SAM!



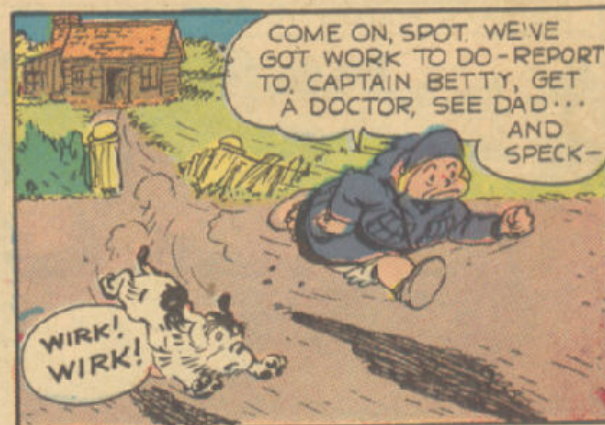
...AND I'VE HAD NO MONEY TO BUY MORE WAR STAMPS. IF I WERE WELL AND COULD GET SOME WASHING TO DO—BUY SOME FOOD AND COAL—I'D...



NOW, DON'T WORRY. EVERYTHING WILL WORK OUT HUNKY-DORY. THE J.A.C.S WILL HAVE THE SIT-U-A-SHUN WELL IN HAND IN A JIFFY, I BETCHA!



COME ON, SPOT. WE'VE GOT WORK TO DO—REPORT TO, CAPTAIN BETTY, GET A DOCTOR, SEE DAD... AND SPECK—



THEY NEED A DOCTOR, FOOD, HEAT, CLOTHES—AND EVERYTHING!

I'LL CALL THE J.A.C.S AND GET FOOD AND THE DOCTOR. YOU REPORT TO SPECK.



LITTLE SIS RUSHES TO THE HOSPITAL TO REPORT TO CAPTAIN SPECK AND CARRY OUT HIS ORDERS.

YES, SIR!

MY COMPLIMENTS TO CAPTAIN BETTY. I'LL WRITE AN ORDER TO THE V.I.O.T.S. YOU CARRY IT TO MY LIEUTENANT.





MY COMPLIMENTS TO CAPTAINS SPECK AND BETTY. TELL THEM I'LL HAVE THE V.I.O.T.'S START AT ONCE GATHERING WOOD AND SUPPLIES FOR THIS FAMILY.



SERGEANT, TAKE YOUR PLATOON AND GATHER WOOD. CORPORAL, TAKE YOUR SQUAD-GO TO THE J.A.C. H.Q. AND HELP GATHER CLOTHING AND ANYTHING ELSE CAPTAIN BETTY WISHES.

YES, SIR!



AND FROM THE WOODS BACK OF SMARTSBURG, THE V.I.O.T BOYS BRING LOAD AFTER LOAD OF FUEL FOR THIS NEEDY NEIGHBOR.



THE J.A.C.S COLLECT FOOD AND CLOTHING.

LITTLE SIS, YOU GO AHEAD AND PREPARE THE LADY FOR OUR COMING. SHE MAY NOT LIKE SURPRISES. THERE ARE SO MANY OF US, AND SO MUCH FOOD AND CLOTHING! THE TOWNSPEOPLE WERE SO GENEROUS WITH THEIR HELP!

WHY DOES SPOT LOOK SO DEJECTED????



DON'T CRY, LADY! I TOLD YOU THE J.A.C.S WOULD MAKE EVERYTHING COME OUT HUNKY-DORY!

RUN AND BRING THE DOCTOR! THIS LADY IS ILL! HURRY!

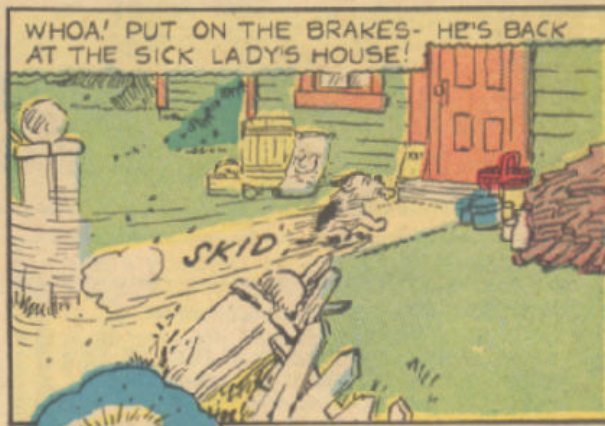
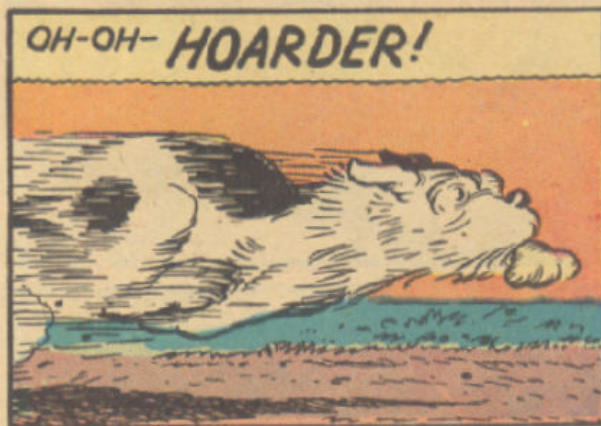
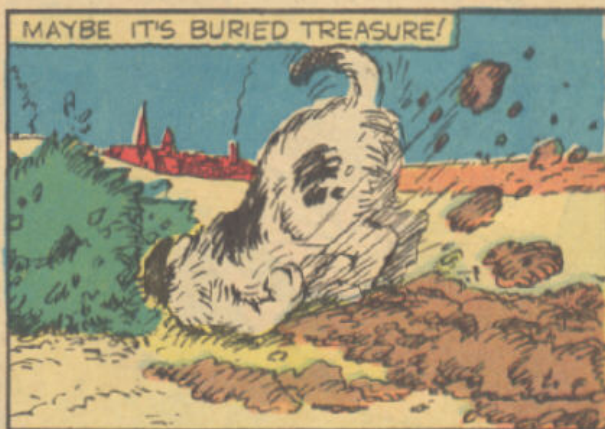
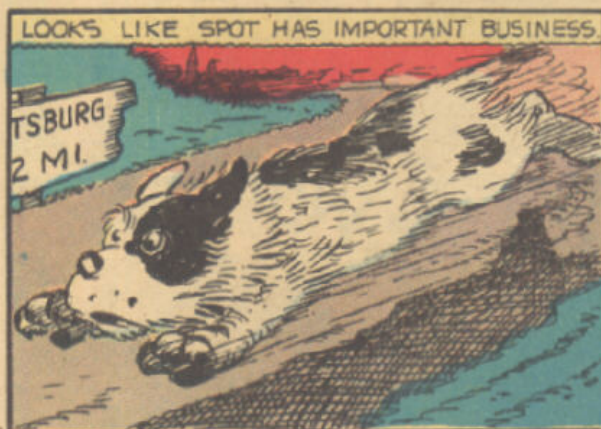
YES, CAPTAIN BETTY-I'LL HURRY!



THE DOCTOR ARRIVES AND TAKES OVER.

TUT-TUT! YOU'RE GOING TO STAY IN BED! THE J.A.C.S AND V.I.O.T.S WILL LOOK AFTER THE CHILDREN AND HOUSE.

BUT, I MUST FIND WORK- THESE BOYS AND GIRLS ARE ONLY CHILDREN!



PETE STOCKBRIDGE

ALIAS
THE

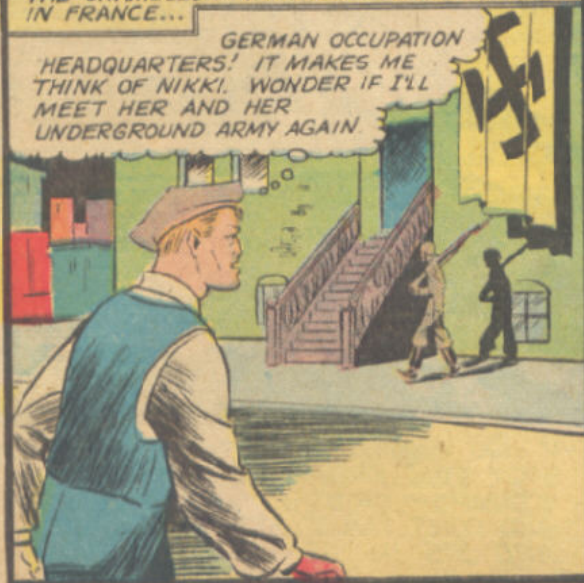
Chameleon

CHAMELEON, LONE AGENT
FOR FREEMEN EVERYWHERE,
CHAMPION OF JUSTICE AND
THE RIGHTS OF MANKIND,
HAS LANDED IN FRANCE TO
BEGIN HIS GLOBAL CRUSADE
AGAINST TERRORISM
AND SLAVERY!

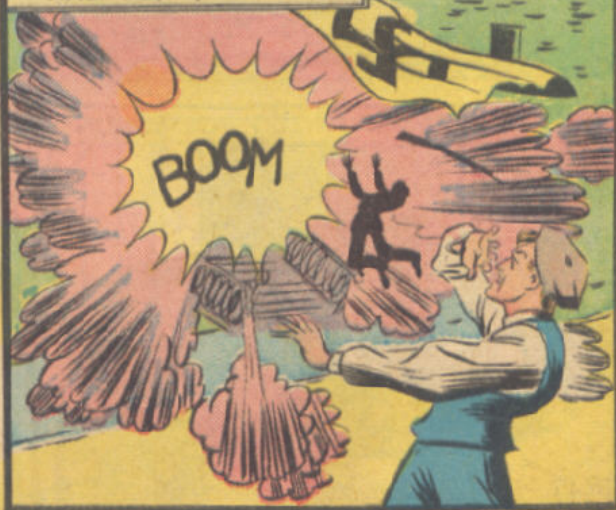


THE CHAMELEON WANDERS THROUGH A TOWN
IN FRANCE...

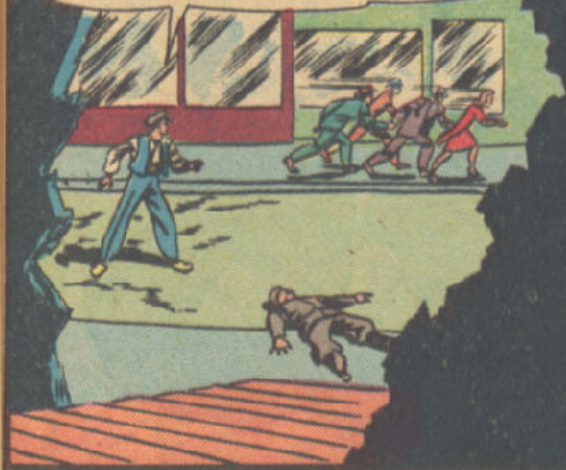
GERMAN OCCUPATION
HEADQUARTERS! IT MAKES ME
THINK OF NIKKI. WONDER IF I'LL
MEET HER AND HER
UNDERGROUND ARMY AGAIN.



SUDDENLY, A TERRIFIC BLAST RENDS THE
NAZI HEADQUARTERS!



WOW! THAT WAS SOME EXPLOSION! WHERE ARE THOSE FRENCHIES GOING?— SAY, THAT GIRL LOOKS LIKE NIKKI!



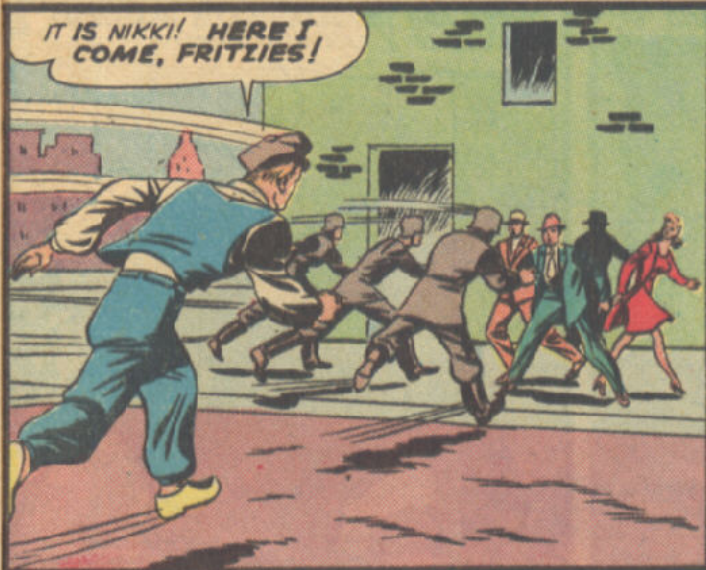
THE EXPLOSION BRINGS A SQUAD OF NAZIS...

HALT! SEIZE THEM! THEY ARE THE ONES WHO THREW THAT BOMB!

MON DIEUX! WE ARE TRAPPED!



IT IS NIKKI! HERE I COME, FRITZIES!



CAN'T WASTE TIME NOW! DON'T GET IN MY WAY, BUD!



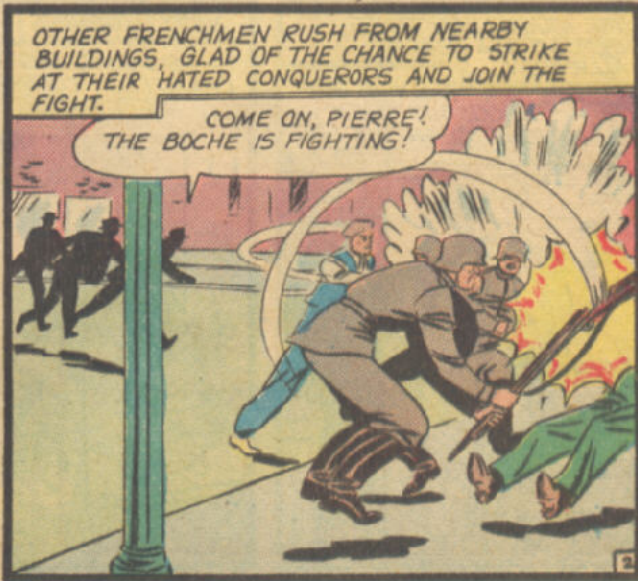
CHAMELEON! I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN YOU'D BE AROUND!

HI, NIKKI!



OTHER FRENCHMEN RUSH FROM NEARBY BUILDINGS, GLAD OF THE CHANCE TO STRIKE AT THEIR HATED CONQUERORS AND JOIN THE FIGHT.

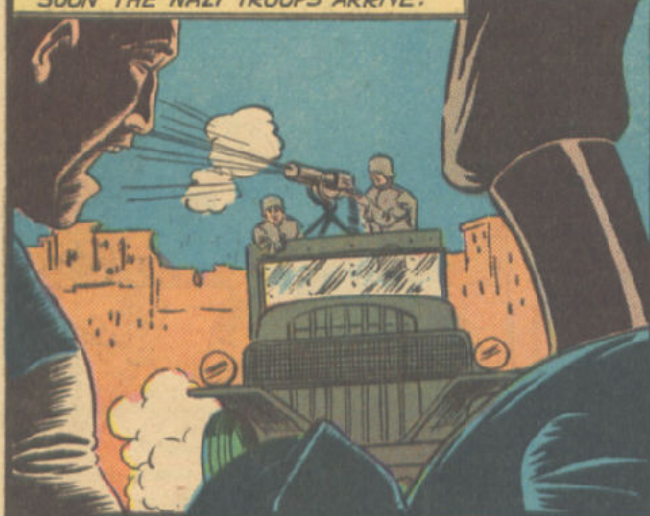
COME ON, PIERRE! THE BOCHE IS FIGHTING!



WITH FEROCITY BORN OF LONG-HIDDEN HATRED, THE FRENCHMEN LEAP ON THE NAZIS.



BUT, THE ALARM FOR HELP IS SENT OUT AND SOON THE NAZI TROOPS ARRIVE.



THERE ARE TOO MANY NAZIS HERE NOW! MAYBE IF I CAN SLIP AWAY...



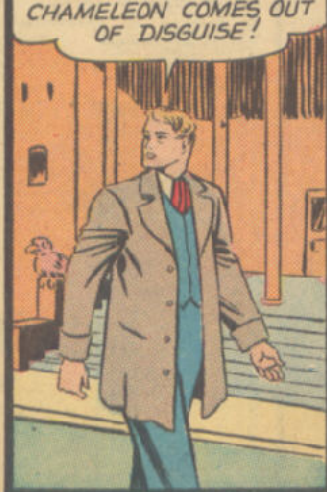
THE CHAMELEON TAKES REFUGE IN A NEARBY ALLEYWAY.

THEY'VE GOT NIKKI, BUT THEY HAVEN'T SEEN THE LAST OF ME!



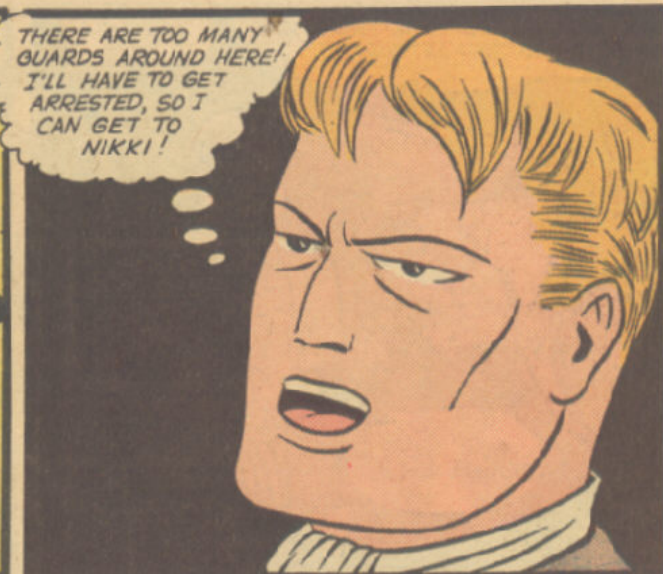
NEXT MORNING...

A NEW COAT, AND THE CHAMELEON COMES OUT OF DISGUISE!



SO, THIS IS WHERE THEY'RE HOLDING NIKKI! THE TOWN BASTILLE!







THE FOLLOWING DAY...

PLEASE LET ME GO, SIR!
I WON'T SELL ZE FLAGS
ANY MORE—PLEASE
LET ME GO!

THE OLD MAN
IS A HARMLESS
IDIOT! LET HIM
GO!

STRAIGHTWAY, THE CHAMELEON
HEADS FOR THE CENTER OF TOWN!

THIS LOOKS LIKE THE PLACE. NOW,
TO FIND THE HIDDEN ENTRANCE.

FINDING HIS WAY INTO
THE CELLAR, THE
CHAMELEON DISCOVERS—
BOY! SOME COLLECTION
OF NOISEMAKERS!

THERE! I'VE GOT THREE
BOMBS AND TWO
PISTOLS UNDER MY
COAT—TOO BAD I CAN'T
CARRY MORE!

BOLDLY, THE CHAMELEON ENTERS THE PRISON.

I FORGOT MY FLAGS
DID I LEAVE THEM
HERE? MY PRETTY
FLAGS!

WHAT? YOU AGAIN?
LOCK HIM UP!

VOT IS DER MATTER?
DON'T YOU FRENCHIES
EVER GET ENOUGH OF YOUR
LOVELY JAIL?

SAFELY BEHIND BARS...

NIKKI! LIE DOWN FLAT ON THE FLOOR OF YOUR CELL- QUICK!



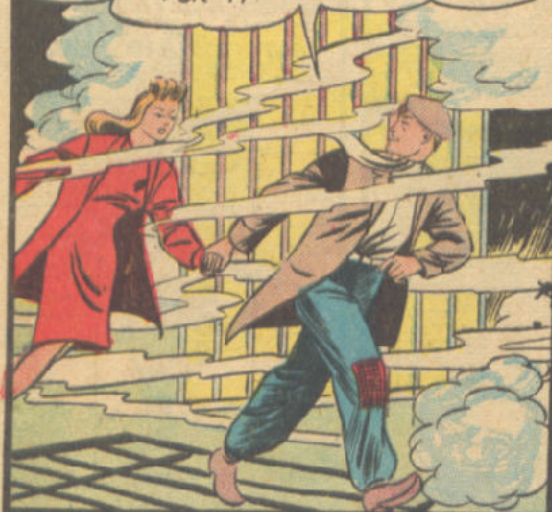
THE CHAMELEON TOSSES ONE OF THE BOMBS AND...



... THE CELL DOORS ARE BLOWN OPEN!

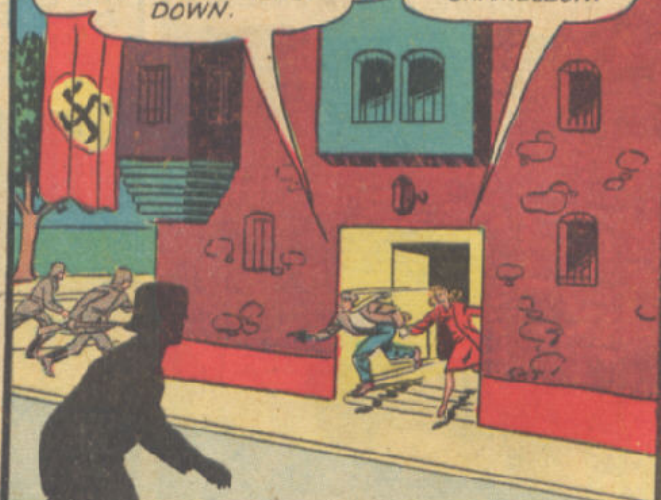


COME ON, NIKKI! WE'LL MAKE A BREAK FOR IT!



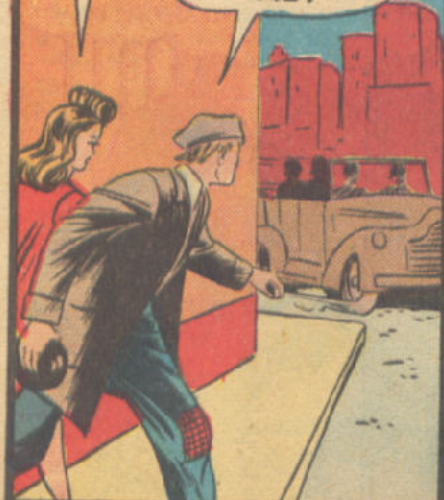
HERE COME MORE NAZIS! KEEP YOUR HEAD DOWN.

THIS WAY, CHAMELEON!



LOOK!

GET BEHIND ME!



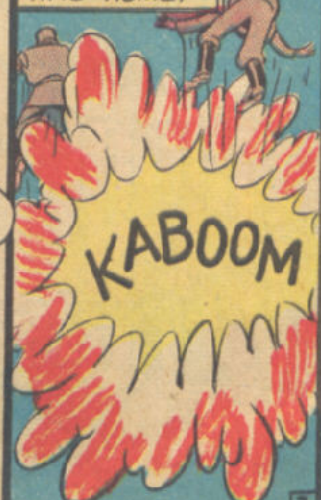
THERE'S GONNA BE A HOT TIME IN THE OLD TOWN TONIGHT!

ACH DU LIEBER!

HIMMEL



CHAMELEON'S BOMB HITS HOME!

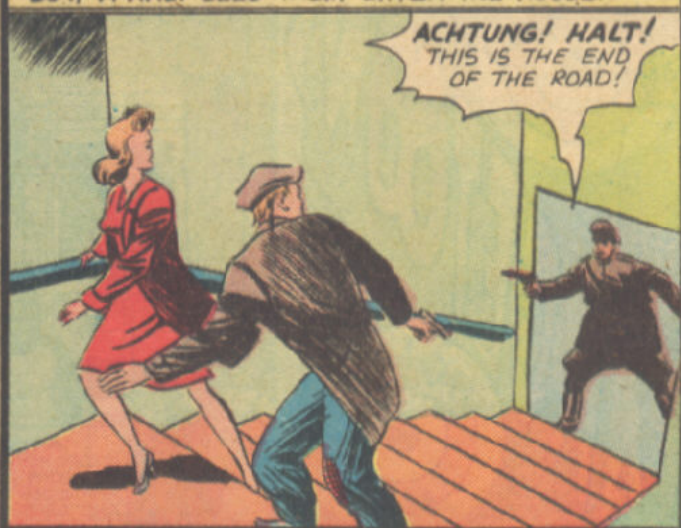


LET'S DUCK IN HERE! IF WE CAN REACH THE ROOF, WE'LL BE ABLE TO GET AWAY.



BUT, A NAZI SEES THEM ENTER THE HOUSE.

ACHTUNG! HALT!
THIS IS THE END
OF THE ROAD!

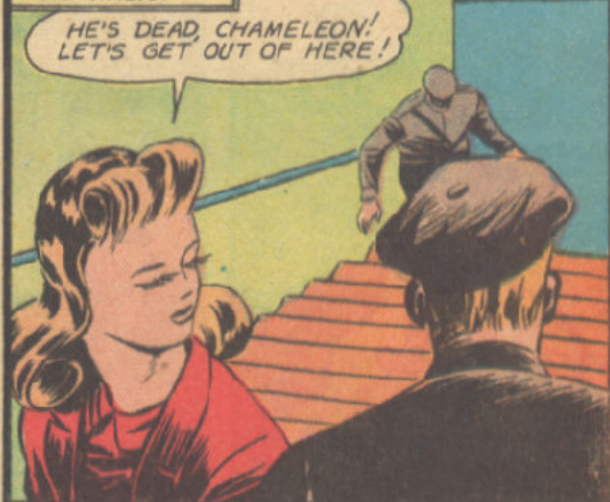


WITH A LIGHTNING MOVEMENT, THE CHAMELEON DRAWS AND FIRES!



AGAIN THE CHAMELEON HAS OUT-SMARTED THE NAZIS!

HE'S DEAD, CHAMELEON!
LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!



ON TOP OF THE ROOF...

GO ACROSS THE ROOFTOPS, NIKKI, UNTIL YOU REACH THE EDGE OF TOWN! YOU CAN ESCAPE EASILY FROM THERE!

AND YOU?
BE CAREFUL,
CHAMELEON!
WE'LL MEET
AGAIN.



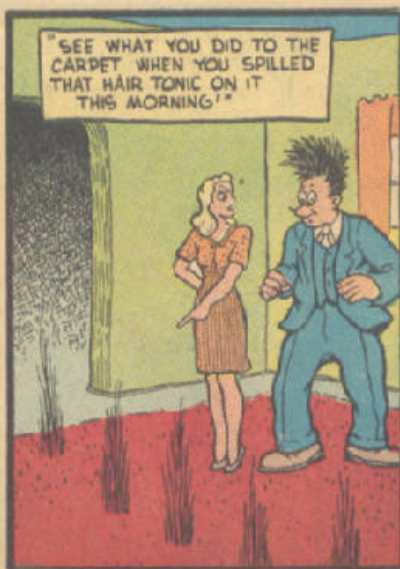
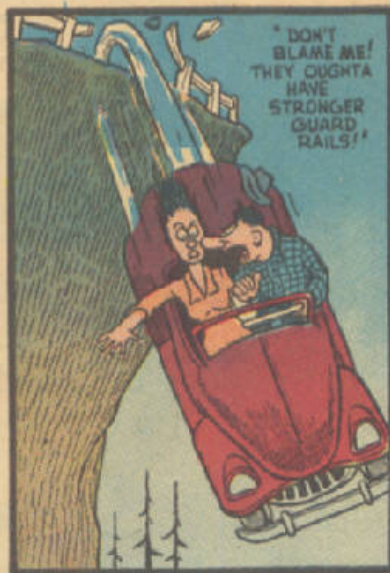
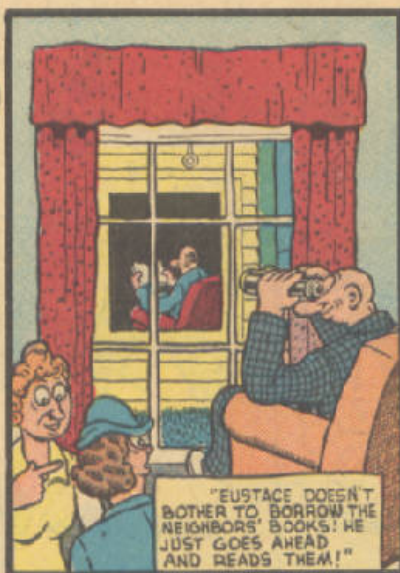
TILL WE MEET
AGAIN!

AU
REVOIR!



ONCE MORE
THE CHAMELEON
HAS TRICKED
THE NAZIS AND,
IN GERMAN-HELD
LANDS, HIS
NAME SPELLS
TROUBLE TO
ANY WHO
WOULD DESTROY
THE FREEDOM
OF THE WORLD.

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HAS ANOTHER
EXCITING
ADVENTURE
IN THE
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